

# The Nation

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# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1909.

## The Week.

The Attorney-General, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, the Secretary of the Interior, the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Solicitor of the Department of Justice are, it is said, to furnish President Taft with material upon which to base recommendations to Congress. The legislation relates to the powers and functions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust act, and additional safeguards against corporate abuses. Some profess to see an innovation in this recommendation of specific statutes to Congress. President Taft, however, is not only an able lawyer himself, but evidently constituted his Cabinet so as to entrench himself as behind a bulwark of distinguished legal advice. His experience with the tariff bill, where the corporation tax was of Cabinet manufacture, may have convinced him of the utility of having a measure in definite white and black to urge upon the attention of the lawmakers. This plan, even if in some degree novel—and we are not at all certain that precedents cannot be found for it—is at least rather more dignified than the back-door deal in patronage to buy legislative approval of particular measures. However, if the experiment is actually tried, it will but register the growing inclination to trust the Chief Executive, rather than Congress, with the initiative in measures taken in the interest of the nation as a whole.

President Taft is reported to be not at all disturbed by the news that the corporation tax is to be taken into the courts, to test its Constitutionality. He expected this. He knows the ways of lawyers, and only laughs when told of their eager preparation for the great battle. But he should not forget that a similar hilarious incredulity was displayed in 1894, over the proposal to challenge the income tax in the Supreme Court. Why, it was *res adjudicata*; the Court itself had upheld the validity of the tax, and how ridiculous

it was to imagine that it could be upset. But it was upset; and Mr. Taft cannot have forgotten the innocent smile with which Mr. Choate remarked, when all was over: "Well, some things can be done as easily as some other things." It is, of course, true that very able and experienced lawyers agree with the President that the corporation tax is not obnoxious to any Constitutional principle; but just as many take the other view, and what the courts will hold cannot be predicted.

Acting Secretary Reynolds of the Treasury Department has come forward as an authority upon official aesthetics. There are two provisions in our tariff law, the one providing for the free admission of works of art over one hundred years old, the other for similar products more than twenty years old. The unsophisticated person might imagine that the effect would be the free admission of any work of art more than twenty years old. But such an opinion differentiates the untutored Philistine from the Treasury connoisseur. The regulations just issued discriminate 'twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee very nicely. The twenty-year provision is to be strictly construed. Under its terms, nothing is held to be a work of art, which can, by any possibility, minister to aught but the aesthetic sensibilities. "Nothing suitable for purposes of utility," so reads the edict, "such as tapestries, paper hangings, glass windows, ornamental clocks, chandeliers" or other furniture may gain free admission under this proviso. The one hundred-year provision, however, is to be construed with the liberality which is of right paid to age. With the single exception of rugs and carpets which are denied free admission though they might come from the palaces of the Pharaohs, any work of art over a century old is welcomed, despite its possible utility. Thus, if one buys a dozen Apostle spoons, he may bring them in, duty free, for kitchen use, if he chooses; but a lace handkerchief that was made subsequent to Fulton's navigation of the Hudson is promptly charged with its appropriate duty. Secretary Reynolds seems to have answered with wonderful acumen the Conundrum of the Workshops.

And the first, rude sketch that the world has seen was joy to his mighty heart. Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but is it art?"

It is a pity that Congressman Fowler's attack upon Speaker Cannon is so personal and so violent in language as partly to obscure the real gravity of his charges. People cannot be got to work themselves into excitement over the fact that one Representative, rather than another, is made Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency. Recriminations on that score will fall rather flat. Only languid interest can be taken in the assertion, on the one hand, that Mr. Fowler's deposition from his chairmanship will yet rank as "the crime of 1909," or in the retort, from the other side, that his lamentations are nothing but the wails of a "squealer." Much more to the point is the exhibition of the Speaker's very bad record in matters of public finance. We ourselves have shown that he was on the wrong side in every financial measure of capital importance, having voted regularly for all the inflation bills and silver bills, and against all the sound measures—even the repeal of silver purchases, in 1893—that have come up in his time. If currency reform is to be left to the tender mercies of a public man so ignorant and narrow and perverse as Speaker Cannon has shown himself to be, we can only say, Heaven help the reformers.

The bloodshed at McKee's Rocks should surprise no one who has watched the progress of the conflict between the Pressed Steel Car Company and its employees. A disgraceful civil war has virtually been raging at the works. No less than 3,000 men have been under arms on the side of the strikers alone; daily fusillades have been reported, and yet the State of Pennsylvania has not acted except by ordering out a handful of constabulary. Whatever the merits of the strike, if the company is able to man its works the State owes it to itself to protect the company's property and the lives of the men it employs. If the strikers have a just cause, they are only injuring it by resorting to violence. Bul-

lets will restore no man's job and will merely harden the hearts of the employers. Killing strike-breakers feeds no hungry mouths and alienates public opinion without which no such strike can be successful. Punishment of unjust and cruel employers can come generally only through that same public opinion.

On the other hand, we feel quite as strongly that the time has gone by when employers can take such a stand as President Hoffstot takes toward his men. If the statement is correct that a skilled riveter worked ten days and two nights, and then received only \$6.50 pay, and that another employee of seven years' standing worked ten and one-half days and received only \$14.95, when he had formerly earned \$30 in the same time, there is every reason why the company should have met its employees and discussed labor conditions in an amicable spirit. To institute order is, we insist, all-essential for every one concerned, but as the Pittsburgh *Sun* put it: "More important to Pittsburgh than her tonnage output is the making of good citizens out of all who labor here. He is an optimist, indeed, who can see any good at all in such economic conditions as are bared in this strike and attendant rioting." For an official to refuse to arbitrate where no principle is at stake, but merely a question of wage rates and hours of labor, is to prove one's self not only entirely out of touch with modern economic conditions, but entirely too autocratic and unreasonable to have charge of the destinies of thousands of employees.

At last, Mr. Taft is caught in deliberately, unblushingly, and wickedly reversing one of his predecessor's policies. We hasten to call it to the attention of the muck-raking magazines. West Point reveals the parting of the ways. It is only eight months ago that Mr. Roosevelt was confronted with a hazing case involving five cadets. He knew that the law required the dismissal of these men; that the Academic Board of West Point was unanimously in favor of letting the law take its course; that the superintendent, Col. H. L. Scott, had publicly declared his apprehensions for the discipline of the Academy if the cadets were permitted to go over the heads of their military

superiors. But Mr. Roosevelt knew better, and true to his habitual custom, he let no such little thing as a Congress-made law stand in his way. Now, Mr. Taft deliberately reverses Mr. Roosevelt's humanitarian policy, without a word of explanation or justification, and seven poor "boys" must undergo the "entirely needless hardship of being turned out." Nothing is said about their being sent back for one year—there is merely, at Beverly, a craven desire to abide by the law which prescribes dismissal for each hazer, without alternative.

Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture might well be content to allow the department year book just issued to stand as his *nunc dimittis*. In the twelve years that have marked his administration of the department, he has seen the staff grow from 2,444 to 10,420—due to the increasing duties loaded by Congress upon this branch. The period has witnessed an increased average production per acre of such staples as cotton and corn, the former rising in the ten years prior to 1906 from 172 pounds to 191 pounds per acre. Of course, this advance may connote even more than a corresponding outlay per acre, but it may be due in part to more scientific and more economical cultivation. The Secretary is very sanguine as to the American farmer's ability to provide food for any possible growth of our population. His declaration that as regards wages the "farm laborer has fared better than the workman employed in manufacturing and mechanical industries" raises the query whether this wage increase in an essentially non-protected industry is compatible with the protective shibboleth which the Secretary's party has always uttered. Not the least of the services which the farmer renders is the international credit his exports create in our favor—a factor of great importance just at this present juncture, when gold exports are large enough to be sobering.

With the mimic war in Massachusetts over, the country may now rest in peace—until there shall have been drawn from the manœuvres the inevitable dread lessons. Meanwhile, we are very happy for the regular army that it has achieved so glorious a victory. We can well imagine the heart-burnings in the service if a mere militia general,

with an inferior force, had outwitted three of our shrewdest regular army generals. That we felt sure was an impossibility, unless General Pew should prove a Napoleon in disguise. As for the lessons to be drawn from these field exercises, without in the least pretending to military wisdom, we are really to wager a field gun against a cocked hat that they demonstrate, clearly, the utter defencelessness of our coasts and the absolute necessity of, at least, 20,000 more coast artillerymen—or, should we say 30,000? At the same time, it is pleasant to record that in this war game the various State troops seem to have conducted themselves extremely well and demonstrated anew their military progress since 1898.

The oft-repeated tale of our annual fire-waste was never more cogently put than by Mr. Edward T. Campbell last week at the Trans-Mississippi Congress at Denver. Losses by fire in the United States, he declared, cost three-quarters of a million dollars a day. In 1907, the entire fire-bill reached a total of \$456,000,000, or about one-half of the total value of new constructions in the same year. The neglect of collective hazard in the matter of high or non-fireproof buildings is the chief reason why our per capita fire losses are about ten times as great as those in Europe. There is in this country no adequate recognition of the fact that fire losses are never ultimately indemnified, and that fire insurance premiums are essentially taxes imposed upon the community to spread the losses over a period, rather than to compel individuals to incur the same losses in lump sums at a single time. It is refreshing to see how frankly the West can be told of its errors in the matter of insurance. Mr. Campbell pointed out fearlessly that the three States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut practically insured the country, because of their reasonable laws governing insurance.

There have been gross misrepresentations sent out regarding actions of the Department in certain matters. Criticisms have been pretty severe from some quarters; but knowing that I am absolutely right in the position I have taken I have paid no attention to them. In time it will be shown beyond a doubt that my course has been all right.

In these words, according to a dispatch to the New York *Sun* from Butte,

Secretary Ballinger has commented on the various attacks upon him. "At the same time," he went on, "I realize that there are some things in the law governing the disposition of public lands, which ought to be modified, and as soon as I shall have opportunity, I shall suggest such changes as appear to me to be necessary, and report to Congress." In the meantime, Mr. Ballinger says, the established policy of the Interior Department will continue. It is hard to see why even Mr. Pinchot should not be satisfied with this.

A dispatch from San Francisco asserts that President Wheeler of the University of California has established a strict censorship over all news emanating from that institution. It can hardly be the case that the so-called censorship applies to matter other than official announcements of university policy or action which should rightly emanate from the university authorities. The dispatch in question, however, relates that "a curt letter has been sent out forecasting trouble for any professor or instructor who discloses anything concerning the working of the institution to reporters." In view of some of the sensational reports that emanate from university centres, it is easy to sympathize with President Wheeler. May not, however, the desired end be approximately reached, if discretion is exercised in the choice of a staff of instruction? Liability to epigrammatic seizure may well disqualify for a faculty position a candidate otherwise qualified. The judicious organization of a university bureau of publicity cooperating with a press bureau composed of student reporters has eliminated many of the cruder evils which unregulated and sensational newspaper exploitation of universities formerly occasioned.

The action taken by the School Board of Chicago against Greek-letter secret societies in the public schools is no doubt wise. And, indeed, clubs and social organizations even in the university, where the students are older, are, at the best, not an unmixed good. The recent action of Chicago University in dropping one hundred students brought a statement from the president that one cause of low scholarship was too great "social" interest. That, perhaps, is partly true, but a greater objection to

strictly organized societies is the exclusion from the larger university life that membership often implies. They, too, often lead to a certain snobbishness and chauvinism, to a general narrowing of the sympathies. There should, of course, be social life at the university, which, broadly considered, has as its primary end the introduction of the student to the widest life, intellectual and cultural, and that includes the social. But the narrower and more intense social life involved in the strictly organized "society" often works against the wider and more humane outlook.

We can hardly believe that the verdict of \$20,000, given by a St. Louis jury against a physician of that city, because he sewed up in a patient a roll of gauze, will stand in the higher courts. More intelligent persons will, we are sure, feel that to proceed against this cherished practice of some of our most distinguished surgeons will be an undue interference with their liberty and their pursuit of happiness, and, therefore, quite unconstitutional. And what would become of the newspapers, if they could not record from time to time that the great surgeon B., or the wonderful operator C., had carefully sewed up an unsterilized instrument or thirty-six inches of gauze in the place of a recently removed appendix? We are the more concerned because this is the second verdict of the same kind which we have noticed during the last few weeks. Now we submit that physicians are but as human as the rest of us, and that to require general infallibility while operating is a little bit more than the medical profession can be expected to endure in silence.

Financial legislation in the British Parliament contrasts favorably with the analogous process in our Congress. The budget proposals emanate from the Ministers, and are presented to the House of Commons on the collective responsibility of the entire Cabinet. Then in the Commons, the scheme is canvassed both in its totality and in minutest detail. During the debate, which, as in the present case, often extends over weeks and months, the closest outside scrutiny of the measure is kept up under the sharpshooter fire of the press on both sides. The bye-elections, during

this time, give to Parliamentary leaders and to the country at large a good inkling of the pulse of popular opinion. As a result of these combined processes, the dross is pretty thoroughly refined out of a budget measure, and the eventual statute is at least a consistent whole. It is not pleasant to compare such a method with the dark-lantern process of our legislators, from the first secret concoction of a measure in the secluded rooms of the majority of the Ways and Means Committee, to its final hasty signing by the President.

The elimination of specific features from the pending Finance bill very well illustrates the peculiar excellence of the British process. Virtually, the aim of the measure is to secure large amounts of additional revenue, both for the navy and various schemes of social reform, without resorting to a protective tariff. Two main sources of new revenue chosen are a tax on the increment value of land, and a super-tax levied on incomes of over £2,000. But so radical a departure in finance had involved various dubious expedients. The excision of those excrescences one by one has resulted from the complex process of criticism, while the basic principles of the budget are left intact. Thus the cost of the land's valuation, it was proposed originally to impose on the owner. The hardship this would have worked in individual cases was made so clear that the state now undertakes the valuation and will pay the cost thereof. The failure to provide appeal for the taxpayer was pointed out by the Lord Chief Justice in a public address. As a result of this criticism, an appeal has been allowed. The somewhat whimsical tax on ungotten minerals could not stand up against the ridicule it occasioned, and has been replaced by a tax on mining royalties. As a result of this open, public, and above-board discussion, the finance measure has steadily grown in popular favor. The bye-elections and public political meetings have shown an apparent stemming of the adverse political tide. The Lords' bluster about throwing out the budget is growing beautifully less, and even Mr. Balfour is said to have advised them against such unprecedented action. The result shows the unquestioned value of publicity in the legislative handling of financial measures.

## ARITHMETICAL NAVAL STRATEGISTS.

How can a science be both exact and inexact? This question is inevitably suggested by the settlement of the great naval dispute in England over the administration of the fleet, between Admiral Beresford and Sir John Fisher. Both profess themselves wholly satisfied with the outcome; both feel that they have been overwhelmingly sustained by the sub-committee of the Imperial Defence Committee, and Beresford is able to tabulate eight distinct reforms which his crusade has compelled the Admiralty to introduce. Let no one believe, however, that the peace now established is to be of long duration. Naval officers must be fighting always, if not in their dreams or in their play, then each other. Now this is a very queer thing, because our naval lords are ever dictating to the statesmen of the world what they shall tax the people. No professional man on the whole globe so readily has his way or is listened to and obeyed so zealously. The navy man knows each year just how many ships will prevent the despoiling of his native land, and each year he reports with sorrow new dangers and greater needs. But when it comes to administering his own province, this superman is in hot water all the time; his infallibility ceases when the threshold of his own special field is invaded. Whether it be how navy yards should be conducted, whether marines should or should not be on ships, whether a naval general staff is or is not desirable, the service is certain to be split asunder, and naval science appears at once anything but a science.

Let a naval officer but enter the field of international relations, and all his professional doubts vanish. His fears remain, for he is the most timid of mortals, seeing death and destruction everywhere, if the proportion of his battleships to those of some one else is not exactly as he thinks it ought to be. Thus, we now have an ever-increasing number of amusing, because so serious, arithmetical naval strategists. In solemn earnestness they set in opposing columns the lists of battleships and auxiliaries of the various Powers, find their own navy a poor second in the comparison, and immediately scent disaster to the integrity of their nation.

Naturally, there follows a demand for still more ships and a fervent appeal to patriots to act promptly and vigorously, lest all be lost in a terrible *débâcle*. That other countries are adding yearly to their fleets, making our permanent superiority wholly out of the question, escapes the arithmetician's notice. With a sigh of relief, he solves his little problem, points with pride to the result, and tells us that when we have a predetermined number of Dreadnoughts, then, and not till then, we shall be safe.

The latest apostle of the vicious doctrine that only by predominant naval strength can the United States exist to carry out the plans of the founders and prove to an astonished world the practicability of orderly self-government based on universal suffrage, is Commodore W. H. Beehler, of the navy. In an article in the current *Proceedings of the Naval Institute*, entitled "The Navy and Coast Defence," he gives the conclusion to which his imagination, his arithmetic, and his exact science irresistibly lead him. "To protect the country, our navy must command four different spheres, the Atlantic, Pacific, West Indies, and Philippines. Command of the sea in these four spheres is essential, and it can only be attained by an adequate naval force." Granted the premises, and the outcome must be accepted in a fleet strong enough in each of these theatres of war to overpower any antagonist. Delightfully simple and obvious. He would be unpatriotic, even perchance, a mollycoddle, who should ask whether this Union might not survive with less, rather than more, armored vessels; who should brutally point out the impossibility of reconciling this gigantic expansion with the President's flat order to reduce the naval appropriation by at least thirty millions of dollars; or who should suggest that by a single act of justice to the Philippines the assumed need of one of these fleets would disappear entirely.

The arithmetical naval strategist is not like other men. He lives in a world of his own where he blows his little bubbles and maps out the only possible scheme of salvation, with serene indifference to the actualities of life. It is a matter of course that he should coin new and sonorous phrases such as "strategic line of force" (whatever that may be); should advocate "a fleet of

armored cruisers" (a discredited and obsolete type); should dot the wide oceans with scouts cruising continually in search of the enemy (how happy to find him at last, like the old lady who nightly looked for the burglar under her bed); should recommend fortifying such hopelessly exposed cities as San Diego; and should call for five vice-admirals, forty-two rear-admirals, and other officers and men in proportion. Very sapiently and in italics Commodore Beehler lays down this proposition. "*If we command the seas no foreign naval force can attack our coasts.*" Of course, dear arithmetician, who ever said it could?

Some day there will arise a Lewis Carroll properly to satirize the Beehlers, the Deweys, the Beresfords of our day; to place the Mad Naval Officer alongside the Mad Hatter, the White Rabbit, and other immortal logicians. Meanwhile, we would simply submit to our statesmen who listen in such awe to every graduate of our Naval Academy, that naval officers' decisions in matters international would be much worthier of credence and acceptance, could they but reach a common understanding in a field admittedly their own. A science exact and yet hopelessly inexact is, we submit, an anomaly, particularly when, dealing with human beings, it begins its theories by confessing a total lack of faith in the human equation. The very exactness of their science prevents their taking into account national characteristics, conditions of discipline, and relative efficiency. In his worship of the battleship, our arithmetician behind the gun sees no one in the conning tower, at the sights, or in the engine-room. A battleship is to him a battleship and nothing more.

## THE GENERAL STRIKE.

The most recent advices from Stockholm indicate pretty plainly the failure and impending collapse of the Swedish strike. The struggle was unusually interesting for several reasons: it was perhaps the nearest approach to a universal strike ever attempted; it was conducted on the whole peaceably, so that the economic power of the unions was tested with little admixture of alien forces; it was fought out among a homogeneous people, where the introduction of immigrant strike-breakers was vir-

usually absent. The complete history of the movement we may not obtain for some time, but the indications are that its ill-success has removed many of the predicted terrors of the general strike.

In its theoretic aspect, nothing would seem more menacing than a universal stoppage of labor. Most urban communities have had some experience of the extreme inconvenience that a tie-up of the local transit system will produce. Multiply this by whatever factor represents the totality of hand-workers, and it should seem as if anarchy or social revolution must result. In France, indeed, this is the connotation which the term—general strike—carries. It is only another name for the hoped-for supersession of the government of the bourgeoisie by the labor unions. It is true that the extensive strike in Paris earlier in the year was spoken of as a general strike. But this was only by anticipation or by mistaken usage. The policy of organized labor in France, it must not be forgotten, is to ignore the existing government, to abstain from asking beneficial legislation from the Parliament, and to prepare for a *coup d'état*, whose alias is the general strike. In Sweden, as in most Teutonic countries where labor's attitude is largely opportunist, the general strike is expected to operate within the framework of existing institutions, and by sheer economic necessity to effect the granting of labor's claims.

The first cause of the weakness of the general strike is the failure to make it really general. It is not likely that all classes of operatives will feel aggrieved at one and the same moment. Those whose condition is for the time being fairly satisfactory have an aversion for a sympathy strike. Their attitude is:

The distant Trojan never injured me. While they may be coerced by the urgent claim of the solidarity of labor, they find it difficult to forget their individual grievance at having to quit work. Many classes again, even of hand-workers, are not unionized. The Swedish farmers seem to have repulsed all suggestions of cooperating with the striking urban operatives. On the other hand, some of the best organized unions refuse flatly to go out at the behest of an unrecognized labor leader. Those who are in public employ are particularly chary about quitting their posts. Thus the

soldiers and the police in Sweden seem to have been mindful of the services expected of them by the state. Even the paupers supported at public cost, when ordered to perform certain tasks, such as burying the dead at Stockholm, feared to decline, dreading the cessation of the support now received from the public chest.

A second major reason which accounts for the general strike's missing fire is the quick-spreading alienation of public favor. The strikers themselves are surprised to find how numerous is the rest of the community. Where the struggle is restricted to an out-and-out fight between a single trade or corporation and its operatives, and where a good *prima-facie* case can be made out for the strikers, public opinion is generally inclined to support the more numerous party. People put up good-naturedly with no little inconvenience in the hope that it may aid the workmen. But when the public in the rôle of *amicus curiæ* has its toes stepped on; is compelled to walk in rainy weather as well as in sunshine, because of suspended transit; has to put itself on siege rations, and depend upon the police for the distribution of the children's milk, the beauties of the general strike begin to fade, and a prompt clamor arises for stringent enforcement of the law, and, if necessary, for an industrial dictatorship to protect society at large from the warring factions.

When cases growing out of such industrial conflicts finally come up before the courts, and the conduct of the parties defendant is scrutinized in the dry, cold light of statutes and precedents, the law is generally found to be peculiarly unsympathetic to these attempts to coerce employers and incidentally to starve and inconvenience the public in the process. Perhaps no part of our law in this country is more conservative than that bearing on the legality of strikes. Originally, at common law, both in England and America, all strikes were unlawful. This extreme position has long been vacated, but courts still restrict with extreme caution the objects for which a strike is a lawful expedient. Anything that savors of the boycott or the sympathetic strike is likely to be treated with short shrift. The sharp doctrine is laid down that only to better the terms of the strikers' own employment is a strike

lawful. Employees in public service corporations, moreover, are assumed to have obligations co-extensive in kind with that of the corporation. So in many other trades and professions, striking is not the privilege of any moment. A surgeon who suspended an operation to haggle for a higher remuneration would probably land where operations are limited to picking oakum.

The final weakness in the universal strike is that it cuts both ways. Strike funds lose their efficiency when everybody is on strike. The story is told of an ambitious young strategist at West Point who asked his instructor why fortifications were not built in the form of a circle so as to be "equally strong all around." The gray-haired instructor opined that such a fort would be "equally weak all around." Something of this kind is discovered in the general strike. Its instigators are going to starve society into submission, and then discover that their own larder goes bare just a trifle before that of their opponents. We doubtless shall have many sore trials before our industrial organization is perfected, but it is comforting to believe that the general strike is rather more terrible on paper than in fact.

#### WRATH AND GOLF.

We are glad to see the *Spectator* questioning the legend of the infuriated golfer. It is one of the ancient conventions of golf—or of those who talk and write and make jokes and draw comic pictures about the game—that it constantly provokes its votaries to wrath, malice, and all uncharitableness. But if that were ever largely true, it has certainly ceased to be so. It is indeed the case that you will occasionally see an unfortunate player in a hideous bunker or trap, burying himself deeper in sand and bad language, but that is exceptional. The dear old stories about the golfer who in a fit of rage breaks every club in his bag, and vents his fury upon man and nature impartially, relate to prehistoric times, even supposing they were ever true. The choleric majors, the passionate pilgrims of the links, the caddies fleeing from the wrath to come, the scarred bosom of the fair green, the air quivering with profanity—all this has more to do with the humorous tradition of the game than with its actual practice.

The present race of golfers are among the most equable-tempered and well-poised of mortals. Watch them at their play, and you cannot but be struck with the sedate way in which they go about it. Mental absorption, concentration of the whole physique, intent study of each shot, and a strained following of the flight and fall of the ball—these are the main things that impress the observer, and they are totally inconsistent with the intermittent explosions of ungovernable anger which he may have been led to expect. The devotees of the links exhibit frequent gleams of jollity. They have their jokes with each other, their side remarks, their mock praise, their acid comment—all between intimates, and never violating the etiquette of the game—and a part of their fun is melodramatic posing and violent outcries, when calamity overtakes them, as if despair had seized them for its own. This may mislead the bystander, but the others know that it is only feigning.

Compelled to admit this fact, some persons, steeped in the beloved tradition of the wrathful golfer, put a wrong interpretation upon it. They say that golfers are becoming better tempered. If the Commnatory Service is not so often read on the links as it used to be, it is because men have grown ashamed of their senseless objurgations. They are convicted of sin by quiet and well-behaved companions, or, possibly, by the presence of ladies on the green or on the club-house piazza, and set about mending their manners. Their patience becomes schooled by the discipline of the game itself, and they are less prone than before to let the sun go down upon the links and their wrath at the same time. Now, we are reluctant even to appear to take anything away from the moral glories of golf, and should be only too happy if we could make out the game to be the nursing-mother of all the virtues; but we fear the ugly fact is otherwise. It is not moral striving, but the endless struggle for excellence in the game, that leads the earnest golfer to avoid tempestuous and unseemly raging.

It is a question rather of psychophysics than of morals. The acutest analysis of golf shows it to differ from all other games in the degree of fixed attention it requires at the moment of the stroke. There is no reflex action to help the player. The game never becomes

automatic. The impulse, the initiative, the summoning up of the whole man, have constantly to be under the golfer's control, and he speedily discovers that he cannot get on without a nice nervous poise. He learns that the most trifling external accidents—a temporary indigestion, loss of sleep, business worry—will put him off his game mysteriously, and he is not fool enough to add anything in the way of internal excitement, if he can help it. An oath a hole is almost like giving his opponent a stroke a hole. Hence, the self-restraint and heroic calmness under misfortune which he displays, are only proofs that he is trying to play the game well. It is not a moral scruple that holds him in. If swearing more terribly than the army in Flanders would cut his handicap, the air would be blue about him; but he is well aware that madness lies that way, as well as strokes over bogey. The choice of clubs is not more important than the cultivation of an equal mind. Greater is he that ruleth his spirit, and maketh a fine recovery, than he who taketh a city, or captureth the gallery, by a brilliant drive. Ebullitions of rage mean not only bad taste, but a bad score. Herein lies the explanation of the fact that so many good golfers seem to have steeled themselves to the mischances of their favorite sport, and to have taken as their motto: *Sævis tranquillus in undis*, which may be translated, "Don't get mad even if you drive into a water hazard."

#### A WORD FOR AUTUMN.

*St. Nicholas* for September prints a number of brief essays by boys and girls, written in a prize competition, upon the theme, "My Favorite Season—and Why." Their excellence consists in their spontaneity and in their natural, unsophisticated analysis of their delight in the out-of-doors life. The contributions are none the worse that they betray no inkling of a reminiscence of Thomson's "Seasons." But among those deemed worthy of the prizes there is none, if we except one, that sings the glories of Indian summer, which betrays a partiality for autumn. This predilection for one of the other three seasons is characteristic not alone of children, but of their elders.

Autumn is unquestionably the least spectacular season. Spring appeals to

the sense of novelty, to the expectation of release from confinement, to the pleasures of hope. With women, it is almost universally the favorite. To them the earth's "divine renewal" has a symbolical meaning which "mere man" cannot wholly perceive. If, in the spring, the young man's fancy proverbially turns to thoughts of love, it turns thereto "lightly," almost casually, and not improbably because the young man has a touch of spring fever. To the athletic temperament, summer is alluring. The sense of untrammelled freedom in the out-of-doors, the escape from school tasks, the vacation from business, or the unalloyed delight in sport and exercise find in summer their fittest opportunity. On the other hand, winter has a double claim. The æsthetic charm of snow and ice, with their zestful sports, tells in its favor. Winter, moreover, carries for the children the lure of Yuletide festivities, and for their elders the pleasant sense of shut-in isolation and family solidarity peculiar to the open hearth.

But it must not be forgotten that each season has the defects of its qualities. Spring, especially the early spring, is *varium et mutabile semper*. Then you can never tell what a day may bring forth. The one thing certain is that it is dangerous to let the fire in the furnace go out. Neither the ground nor the temperature affords occasion for the hardy sports of winter, nor the vigorous out-of-doors existence that summer brings. The illness that mortal flesh is heir to is always lurking about the turn of the year, and every schoolmaster will bear witness that childhood's epidemics usually cluster around the traditional spring vacation. The joys of summer are often purchased at a heavy cost. The conscious effort after bodily comfort is incessant. To speak of heat and humidity and dust is superfluous; but every one has sympathized with Sidnev Smith, who "found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones." But the discomforts of wintertime are worse. Then, if ever, one agrees with Mr. Squeers in his verdict that "natur" is a rum "un." The white veil of snow which has so often been idealized means weeks of slush. The wizard architecture of Jack Frost means frozen water pipes and plumbers' bills, not to mention the colds

and coughs and influenza that hold revel.

To the eye of experience, therefore, the fall of the year may rightly have a claim as the most auspicious season. No greater libel was ever uttered than the allegation that the closing days of November, the "saddest of the year," are fairly typical of autumn. It is more than half due to the prejudice of the poets that the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" bears so bad a name among its fellows. Whenever a rider of Pegasus feels lachrymose, he is almost sure to work in some slander on the autumn. Thus Tennyson felt:

Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes  
In looking on the happy autumn fields.

No wonder that he confessed he knew "not what they mean." Here in autumn, is found the even tenor of all the year as summer heat melts imperceptibly into the invigorating charm of cooler days. The harvests are all but gathered in. The grapes and apples and nuts presage a cheer that never attaches to the precarious peach crop. Even with its slow progress towards winter, the autumn is prodigal of gifts:

When the frost is on the pumpkin,  
And the corn is in the shock.

As one grows in years, performance and not promise takes an added value. It is broad-shouldered Ceres, with her lap full of good things, not the willowy and changeable "Aprille with his shoures soote," that challenges our regard. We come to dread the sudden change and climatic extremes. "Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven doth shine" for us to remain quite unblinded by his rays. But in the clear light of the hunter's moon we see things as they really are.

#### THOMAS HOOD.

##### I.

It cannot be thought that a new life of Hood was widely desired, nor does the writing\* of Mr. Walter Jerrold show that charm of manner which makes us grateful for unimportant things. Yet, at least, the biography is the result of honest painstaking, and has the solid merit of correcting traditional errors and of offering a considerable amount of new material. It is well enough to be assured that the true date of Hood's birth in London was 1799; to have an exact

relation of his years in Scotland, 1815-1817, when, according to Mr. Jerrold, his determination was formed to devote himself primarily to literature, rather than to engraving; and to know that his marriage, in 1825, was not in opposition to the wishes of Miss Reynolds's people and brought no bitterness to his amiable heart. It may even be that there is still a sufficient number of admirers of Hood's humor and pathos—among whom, indeed, I count myself—to justify the fuller printing of his mad letters and the telling of all his madder practical jokes. There may be some who will welcome the complete story of his stay on the Continent from 1835 to 1840, with its rollicking German friendships; who will read willingly the lengthened record of his struggle against failing health during his last five years in England, and to hear his brave death-bed profession of faith, almost his last remembered utterance:

It's a beautiful world, and since I have been lying here, I have thought of it more and more; it is not so bad, even humanly speaking, as people would make it out. I have had some very happy days while I lived in it, and I could have wished to stay a little longer. But it is all for the best, and we shall all meet in a better world!

Through the troubles and anxieties caused by illness and, it must be added, by imprudence in money matters, Hood preserved this buoyant cheerfulness. One comfort comes from this biography—although Mr. Jerrold did not quite intend it—in dispelling the supposed tragedy of Hood's life, which would have him driven by grinding necessity to the production of vendible comicalities. At the very beginning of his career Barry Cornwall is exclaiming to a friend over the pity "that Hood should have given up serious poetry for the sake of cracking the shells of jokes which have not always a kernel"; and so the tradition has been passed down to us of a fine creative artist who deliberately diverted his talents to the popular market, with all the misery of such a conscious degradation. There was, no doubt, a vein of delicate pathos in his genius, but no one can read this life without feeling that not the hateful *res angusta* but the inevitable bent of his mind made him from boyhood to the fading years of sickness the jester of England. His "National Tales" in prose (published early in 1827), were a deliberate effort to prove his rights to another name.

The serious character of the generality of the stories [he says in his preface], is a deviation from my former attempts, and I have received advice enough, on that account, to make me present them with some misgiving. But because I have jested elsewhere, it does not follow that I am incompetent for gravity, of which any owl is capable; or proof against melancholy, which besets even the ass. Those who can be touched by neither of these moods rank lower

indeed than both of these creatures. It is from none of the player's ambition, which has led the buffoon by a rash step into the tragic buskin, that I assume the sadder humor, but because I know from certain passages that such affections are not foreign to my nature. During my short lifetime, I have often been as "sad as night," and not like the young gentlemen of France, merely from wantonness. It is the contrast of such leaden and golden fits that lends a double relish to our days.

All which is perfectly true, but it did not save the "National Tales" from being a flat failure. As for "Tynney Hail," his attempt at sustained fiction, its character is indicated by Dickens's praise of it as "the most extraordinary jumble of impossible extravagance and especial cleverness"; or by Lamb's admiration of its puns as "so neat, that the most inveterate foe to that sort of joke, not being expectant of 'em, might read it all thro' and not find you out."

##### II.

It was as the inimitable equivocator in words that Hood won a reputation among his contemporaries, and will be remembered. In *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1830, an unknown rhymster hit off a number of English writers in quatrains, ending with Hood:

Impugn I dare not thee  
For I'm of puny blood  
And thou would'st punish me  
With pungent hardihood.

The foolish lines show the place of Hood in literature, though the puns employed are, as Mr. Jerrold rightly says, not at all of the genus that gave Hood his fame. His letters overrun with quibbling conceits; his pencil could scarcely draw a picture without a play in forms; his practical jests were a kind of amphibology in act—"the equivocation of the fiend!" we are likely to exclaim at the last, in wonder and dismay.

The fact is the pun has got a bad name in society, and Hood—dare we add Lamb also?—as its devotee would probably be shunned to-day as a bore in any club of London or New York. There is some reason for this unpopularity of a once admired species of wit, for it is subject to a woeful abuse. In his "Shirley Brooks of *Punch*" Mr. G. S. Layard gives too numerous illustrations of what the profession of punning soon came to be; for horrid example:

One summer evening Thackeray arrived late at the *Punch* dinner. He had given up a lady's dinner for a dinner with Lord John Russell, and the little statesman had left him in the lurch. "So," he said, "I come as a *peas-aller* to Mr. P. to eat my peas in peace."

"But you must mind your Q's as well," said Shirley, "and you must take your cues from me or I shall not excuse you."

Peculiar taste in entertainment! Let us pray for it an everlasting *requiescat in pace*. It should be added that the Victorian afterwits were not the first

\**Thomas Hood: His Life and Times.* By Walter Jerrold. New York: John Lane Co. \$5 net.

or only ones to bring the double-tongued Muse into contempt. Early in the forties of the eighteenth century, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter had planned a *jeu d'esprit* on "The Whole Art and Mystery of Punning," calculated "to furnish the sweet *nepenthe* of nonsense in such copious streams as to water the face of the whole earth." The prospectus should be perused by all intending sinners. "To so great a height of perfection," she declares, "have the authors of this work carried their design, as to lay down rules to divide, subdivide, compound, recompound, decompound, rack, torture, strain, and quodlibetificate any word into a pun by nineteen several ways of false spelling."

### III.

But the pun is not necessarily and was not always this criminal act of verbicide, as Oliver Wendell Holmes has called it; an evening with Theodore Hood, we may remember, could wring from Coleridge the exclamation that he was as great a genius as Dante. There is a pleasant reward in going back now and then to the group of wits who treated punning with the scrupulous delicacy of a fine art; and of this practice Hood, at least, so far as the *litera scripta* can decide, was the incomparable master. There is some exaggeration in saying, as a reviewer in the *Spectator* wrote not long ago, that "Hood's pioneer work—Hood's own unique work—was the punning ballad, which may be said not only to have begun, but in its best form to have died, with him." That is to pass a little too lightly over the work of many writers before Hood's day; more particularly it is to forget the ballads of Goldsmith, such, for instance, as the stanzas on "Mrs. Mary Blaize," which would seem quite in place if found in "Hood's Own." It is to forget also the excellent absurdities of the "Ingoldsby Legends" and other later works. Yet it is true that Hood remains the inapproachable master of the pun in all its shades of excellence, and to understand his humor, and indeed his fancy, is to practise a useful discrimination among the different kinds of equivocation. Charles Lamb, as a connoisseur in the art, pointed the way to the right classification, when, in his remarks on the "Odes and Addresses," he censured his friend not for excess of wit, but for the occasional use of the wrong sort of wit.

What we allude to [he writes] is a mixture of *incompatible* kinds; the perpetual recurrence of *puns* in these little effusions of humor; puns uncalled for, and perfectly gratuitous, a sort of make-weight; puns, which, if *missed*, leave the sense and the drollery full and perfect without them. You may read any one of the addresses, and not catch a quibble in it, and it shall be just as good, nay better; for the addition of said quibble only serves to puzzle with an unnecessary double meaning. A pun is good when it can rely on its single self; but,

called in as an accessory, it weakens—unless it *makes* the humor, it *enfeebles* it.

What Lamb means, as becomes evident from his comment on the humor of the "Ode to Joseph Grimaldi, Senior," but what he does not quite say, is that the pun succeeds when it plays primarily on the double sense of a single word and not on the mere similarity in sound of two words. The late Canon Ainger, in his "Life of Hood," comes closer to the real distinction, while hinting at a larger classification:

Herbert, Crashaw, Donne [Lamb had made the same comparison with the "metaphysical" poets], in like manner, have their abundant and perishable affectations. Yet all of these in turn show how true wit may subserve the highest aims of the Poet; and that in fact, so far from Wit and Poetry being irreconcilable, they shade and pass into one another by gradations quite imperceptible. Who shall decide, on the moment, whether Waller's couplet—

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Let in new light through chinks which time had made—

is to be pronounced witty or poetical? The truth is that it is both; and that the two are fused, beyond possibility of separation, by the intensity and sincerity of the Truth enforced.

Now Waller's couplet, as Canon Ainger might have pointed out, is at once both poetical and witty just because it contains an uncertain play on words hovering midway between the true metaphor and the avowed quibble. Its position is clearer if we compare it with two stanzas which turn on different equivocations of the same word. In Cardinal Newman's hymn—

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home;  
Lead thou me on.

we have sheer poetry, with no suspicion of wit. The pun, if we may use the term in so generic a sense, lies in those physical qualities of light which the mind has always and instinctively associated with the moral qualities of the spirit. There is an equivocation of ideas, if you insist; but without the element of surprise, and springing from a deep similarity of emotional content. This is, properly speaking, metaphor. At the other extreme lies such a stanza as this epitaph on a lamp-lighter:

Faithful at lighting lamps thou wast,  
Till soul and body grew so light,  
That one is wafted now with dust,  
While t'other shines a star of night.

Here is the pun in its vulgarest form—a pure quibble, whose whole force is in the unity of sound of two distinct words "light" as opposed to dark and to heavy, and whose wit, if it have any, rests on the element of surprise alone. Between these two, the metaphorical and the quibbling use of the word, stands Waller's witty comparison, which

is raised by its play on sense rather than sound above the quibble, yet which so dwells on the physical accessories of light, and so depends for its effect on the unexpected turn, as to be strictly, not a poetical metaphor, but a conceit.

### IV.

These are the three terms of figurative speech—the quibble or base pun, the conceit, and the metaphor. For the most part Hood ranges on a ground below the middle term and above the lowest—on a ground which may be designated the legitimate pun. Not always, indeed; for at times, he, like other wits, forgets to resist the first temptation of his own cleverness. Thus a catch in an old Scotch ballad, "cauld, cauld, he lies beneath the deep," may set him off on a long chase after words whose only association is their similarity of sound:

But still that jolly mariner  
Took in no reef at all,  
For, in his pouch, confidently,  
He wore a baby's caul;  
A thing, as gossip-nurses know,  
That always brings a squall!

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,  
Rush'd o'er and cover'd all—  
The jolly boatman's drowning, scream  
Was smother'd by the squall,—  
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did  
The ocean heed his *caul*.

But more often there is a kind of accompanying twist in the situation itself, playful or grotesque, which raises the humor above the exasperation of sheer verbicide, as in "Faithless Nelly Gray" or the less grewsome "Sally Brown":

O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,  
How could you serve me so?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow.

And this twist may become the very substance of the humor, so that the play on words is lost in what may be called the equivocation of circumstances, or the pun in things themselves. So it is throughout the "Parental Ode":

Thou little tricky Puck!  
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—  
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)

### V.

Hood's manner of punning is an old story no doubt, and needs no interpreter. But it may not have been so often remarked that the trick pursues him even into his solemn moods; is, indeed, in more or less disguised form, one of his efficient instruments of pathos. There was a vein of melancholy in the man, nor was he, as he says, "incompetent for gravity." He was in this respect like other humorists who have turned lightly from laughter to tears, but he differed from others in his ability to measure sadness with a conscious pun:

All things are touch'd with Melancholy,  
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,  
To feel her fair ethereal wings  
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust;  
Even the bright extremes of joy  
Bring on conclusions of disgust,  
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,  
Whose fragrance ends in *must*.  
O give her, then, her tribute just,  
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!  
There is no music in the life  
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;  
There's not a string attuned to mirth,  
But has its chord in Melancholy.

Perhaps it is the fatalistic pun lurking the mind from beneath the more manifest metaphor of *may* and *must* that gives a peculiar piquancy to these lines, as if under a masquerade of sorrow we should catch glimpses of a face not smiling, but itself sorrowing. Such an audacious quibbling with melancholy leads one to reflect on the intimate mixture of laughter and tears in some forms of art, on the slender partition in human life between joy and sadness, or what may be called the ambiguity of the emotions. They stand so near together and pass so easily one into the other for the reason that their cause is so ambiguous; for regret and disappointment, like the merry accidents of life, though to different ends, spring from a kind of disparity between expectation and event. The only peculiarity of Hood is that he uses the juggling with words more consciously than other poets to express the juggling realities of fate. Thus, were it not for the harshness of the term, the ambiguity of sleep and morn and the soul's secret mistrust in "The Death-Bed" might almost be called punning:

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro!

So silently we seem'd to speak—  
So slowly moved about!  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out!

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied—  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died!

For when the morn came dim and sad—  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours!

Is our perception here merely quickened by our familiarity with the equivocating habit of the writer, or has this habit really led him on more audaciously than others to that verge of sentiment where the instrument of pathos is almost confused with that of humor? The latter is the case, I think; for I observe that he carries this same tendency not only into his other pathetic poems (making of this same likeness of sleep and death in one passage of his "Hero and Leander," at least, a pure conceit), but into all the emotions. It would be tedious to hunt

out the various illustrations of this lurking wit in his poems of awe and regret and indignation and fancy; it would even tend to disconcert us in our enjoyment of his delicate craftsmanship. Only one example I cannot pass over, for its comment on the ambiguous charm of beauty:

O saw ye not fair Ines?  
She's gone into the West,  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest:  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

To Poe these lines had "an inexpressible charm"—as indeed to whom have they not?—and I think it is not extravagant to say that some part here of that "petulant, impatient sorrow" (the word is too strong) which Poe connected with the incomplete realization of beauty in art, is due to the teasing duplicity introduced by the word "West." The emotional impression of the whole poem is too fine and pure to class it as a conceit; it is metaphor of the truest sort. Yet withal the realism of the action of the second line, the insistence on the similarity of physical motion, adds a certain whimsical element, as if a metaphor might at the same time be a conceit and—let us not say a pun, but—a play on words. Not the least of the interests attaching to Hood's work is this persistent amphibology of his genius. Better than in almost any other writer, we can, in him, follow poetic wit through all its gradations of quibbling and conceit and metaphor, where, indeed, these are not blended together in a kind of sublimated punning. We seem thus at times to come very close to the equivocation that lies in the human heart, too close, it may be, for the uses of great poetry. We are reminded too coarsely that the powers of literature are only figures of speech, just as Brutus, after serving virtue for a lifetime, found it in the end, not a thing, but a word. P. E. M.

#### NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In a recent letter giving some notes about that famous Italian book of wood-engravings, the "Hypternomachia Poliphili," Venice, 1499, it is said that "an example has been acquired recently by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan." As a matter of fact, Mr. Morgan owns, and has owned for a long time, three copies of the first edition. One of these, in an old blue morocco eighteenth century binding, is perhaps the tallest copy known, the leaf measuring full 12½ inches in height. It is from the Brayton Ives Library, and in the sale catalogue was described as "large paper" and as having been "bought from Morgand of Paris, and said by him to be unique." All copies were no doubt originally alike as to paper, some having been trimmed closer than others. Mr. Morgan acquired the book with the Theodore Irwin collection. His second copy,

only one-eighth inch shorter, is in citron morocco by Roger Payne, a fine and authentic specimen of the work of this famous binder. It was formerly in the collection of Mark Masterman Sykes, and later in that of James Toovey. The third copy, from the Richard Bennett collection, is in a superb binding of brown morocco, richly tooled, and bearing on each cover the famous device of Demetrio Carnevari, physician to Pope Urban the VIII. Examples of books bound for him are as rare and as highly prized by collectors as those from the libraries of Grolier and Maioli.

The book seems to have been of so much interest, even in early days, that special bindings were put upon many copies. In the strictest use of the word it is not at all a rare book—probably a hundred copies might be traced—and while its value seems to hold in the auction room, it does not materially increase. The Beckford copy, in an old Venetian binding, brought £130 in 1883, and the Turner copy £137 in 1888. These prices have, we believe, been only twice exceeded at public sale. Charles V's copy brought £151 in the Earl of Ashburnham's sale, June, 1897, and on November 3 of last year, £159 was paid for the Newton copy, in blue morocco by Derome. This was a very tall copy, 12¾ inches, the same height as the Toovey-Morgan example.

Of the second edition of the book, which is no doubt actually rarer than the first, and which was printed in Paris in 1545, Mr. Morgan has two very fine copies. One is in an Italian binding of brown morocco of the sixteenth century, the back and sides very richly gilt and painted in colors. This volume was exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition in 1891. The second copy is in the original vellum covers.

The Third Quarterly Part of Karslake's "Book-Auction Record," covering sales in London from April 1 to June 30, 1909, and recording 5,511 lots, is just ready. But few items of exceptional rarity or interest are included in this part, the most notable being the volume in old binding containing five pieces (or, more correctly, four, two having been published together) from the press of William Caxton. This volume, one of the most interesting of Caxton books to come into the auction market in recent years, was sold on May 21 to "Stanley" for £2,600. It was, it is now reported, "bought in" for the owner, and has since been disposed of privately to Mr. J. W. Ellsworth of New York city. Mr. Ellsworth is perhaps best known as the owner of the Brinley-Cole-Ives copy of the Gutenberg Bible and of the Daly set of the Four Folios of Shakespeare, although he is the owner of many other rare books.

## Correspondence.

### PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial of August 5, upon "Student Activities," continuing as it does a long series of adverse criticisms upon our present college administration, states what is patently true, but fails, it seems to me, to give the fundamental reason for the eclipse of the curriculum by the "activities," or to suggest any useful remedy. If the undergraduates at our colleges or in

the arts departments of our Eastern universities concentrate their interest on athletics, journalism, debating, fraternity management, and similar pursuits, it cannot be wholly due to their juvenility or barbarism. If alumni habitually look back upon their college "activities" as the most valuable part of their four years of undergraduate life, it cannot be all sentimentalism. There must be some radical failure on the part of the college itself to meet the wants of these young men. It is a commonplace observation that the same youths who have idled through their college courses become enthusiastic workers in technical or professional schools; whereas only the grind—that is, the person who expects to turn his college course to advantage as a teacher, or as a means of paying his tuition through a scholarship—takes the college work seriously.

In the opinion of one whose fate it has been to teach in both Eastern and Western institutions, in large colleges and in small, the indifference of our undergraduate to his college studies arises from the absence of any more definite aim in his curriculum than "general culture." The courses offered and to some extent prescribed are those which every "gentleman" might well know; but the undergraduate, confronting Latin, Greek, the classical French or German authors, English literary criticism, mediæval and early modern history, abstract economics, and the like, realizes that these subjects have for him a purely intellectual interest and bear no vital relation to the life he will lead after graduation. Toward the sciences taught as elementary subjects his attitude is more favorable, but even there the absence of connection with the real world is felt. In brief, the colleges offer studies of a purely intellectual character which certainly ought to command respect, but which certainly do not do so. The student is not literary-minded, and it is idle to criticise him harshly for being what his family and business and social interests make him, and needless to wonder at his devoting himself to such interests as seem to him alive and real. Under such circumstances, one may be allowed to doubt whether the sole remedy urged by the *Nation* year in and year out—namely, the exaction of more work and the imposition of severer examinations—would prove efficacious. Modern American men are not likely to be made scholarly by having general culture rammed down their throats. The students would undoubtedly work enough harder to ensure their remaining in the college, but they would continue to consider "college life" as their real aim. The problem is not to be solved so simply, but rather by a searching study of the nature and opportunities of the college, as suggested by President Wilson in his recent Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge.

An experiment which the writer would be glad to see attempted would be the effort by a college to meet the situation squarely as it exists. Taking the future business man, it might say to him: "We will fit you to live in the world of to-day, not by teaching you literary culture nor the rudiments of original research on one hand, nor typewriting and bookkeeping on the other, but by making you acquainted with the actual problems—economic, political, scientific, philosophical, psychological

—which every citizen is bound to confront. We will do this by prescribing courses in these subjects as thorough-going as those in any school of engineering or law. If you wish Latin or Greek or Anglo-Saxon or the history of mediæval Italy or the analysis of the Elizabethan literature, you may study these subjects here as electives or, better, at some university. This college prepares for the living world." An institution with such a programme, cutting loose from the English tradition of classical culture or the German tradition of technical scholarship, might prove to be the means of elevating American citizenship.

T. C. SMITH.

Georgeville, Canada, August 9.

[The exaction of more work has not been proposed by the *Nation* as a panacea. The problem is to make culture real, not to throw it away because it is sometimes presented in an unreal fashion. And the first, but not the last, step toward reality is honest work.—Ed. THE NATION.]

### EVOLUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That errors and defects may exist in the theory of evolution, and in Darwin's own contribution to it, as "A Subscriber" asserts in your issue of August 6, is only natural to believe. It is hardly fair to expect that a radical innovation in human thought, which reversed or overthrew many previous conceptions, should spring into existence full-grown and perfect. But even if Darwin's theories were entirely discredited, the evolutionary hypothesis would doubtless still remain in some form or other.

A common misconception of evolution seems to identify it with progress, with continuous betterment. It is constantly forgotten that evolution is counterbalanced by dissolution; that growth is followed by decay. But it is impossible to demonstrate that the total of things is developing into a harmonious whole that passes, as Tennyson would have the soul pass, "from state to state," ever higher and more perfect. Rather is evolution to be considered as the development of separate existences, remote from each other in time and space, which, so far as we know, form no aggregate, slowly progressing under some super-evolution. Lower forms do change into higher (as well as higher into lower); but there is visible no gradual infinite progression of all lower forms simultaneously into higher. Nor is there evidence that any given set of forms has possibilities of unlimited development. When the solar system comes to an end, as it seems it must come, the race of men or even of supermen will not have left any contribution to the hierarchy of archangels whose existence Mr. Bernard Shaw poetically imagines as a future possibility in direct line from the amoeba. This particular series of evolutions will have come to an end. Simultaneously perhaps myriads of other evolutions and dissolutions are going on, with no more permanent results.

Evolution attempts to deal only with the world of change, of the fleeting phenomena of mind and matter, and not with the First Cause from which they proceed. It is no

more essential for evolutionary theory to explain this First Cause than it is for physical or biological theory to do so. They all deal with the knowable and concrete, and their validity can not be judged by their supposed relations to some thing or being whose very existence we can not conceive in terms of human reason. One philosopher's idea of a tragedy was a deduction killed by a fact; but there will probably be no fatal results in the attempt to reverse the process and kill a fairly well established scientific hypothesis by stating its supposed relation to something entirely beyond our ken.

WARD SHEPARD.

Cambridge, Mass., August 10.

### THE HYPNEROTOMACHIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Inasmuch as the recently published letters by Mr. John La Farge and by Mr. Gardner C. Teal are likely to awaken interest in the once-forgotten "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili" of Fra Francesco Colonna, it may be worth the while to supply your readers with a few bibliographical data.

(1.) The sixteenth-century English translation of the "Hypnerotomachia," 1592, was edited in 1890, by Andrew Lang, in the Tudor Library. This translation is apparently a much rarer book than the Italian original, 1499; at least, I infer from Mr. Lang's introduction that the only complete copy is one in the Bodleian.

(2.) Facsimiles of the woodcuts of the original Italian edition were published in 1889, by J. W. Appell, Ph.D., assistant keeper in the South Kensington, under the title: "The Dream of Poliphilus: Facsimiles of One Hundred and Sixty-Eight Woodcuts etc. Reproduced for the Department of Science and Art in Photo-Lithography," by W. Griggs, 1889.

(3.) The entire 1499 volume was reprinted in facsimile, in 1904, by Methuen & Co. This reprint is without a word of introduction or explanation.

The price of the Appell volume was twelve shillings, sixpence. The Methuen reprint was issued at about two guineas. Mr. Teal says that he picked up his copy in London for less than a pound; he was lucky.

Mr. Lang's introduction is in his wonted style, readable but lacking in precision. His chief reliance is upon Claude Popelin's "Le Songe de Poliphile," two volumes, 1880-1883. Dr. Appell's introduction, though brief, gives pretty much all the information one needs. Especially helpful are his explanations of the woodcuts.

I should add that the reader ought to have the *Athenæum* review of the Methuen reprint, December 31, 1904, pp. 896-7, with Mr. W. C. F. Anderson's letter, *Athenæum*, January 25, 1905, p. 85. Here one's attention is called to the fact that in the original Italian edition of 1499 the date and place of issue are given in the colophon as Treviso, 1467 (!), but in the final errata page: "Venetis Mense decembri. M.I.D. in ædibus Aldi Manutii, accuratissime." The explanation is that the work was composed in 1467 at Treviso.

In conclusion, Mr. La Farge's enthusiasm is borne out by Dr. Appell's sober judgment:

But if the *Dream of Poliphilus* displays little or no merit as a romance, it nevertheless is a work full of curious details for the architect and suggestions for the ornamentist; and it is also of great interest as an evidence of the current of thought and feeling in Italy during the fifteenth century. J. M. HART.

Cornell University, August 18.

#### MEREDITH'S LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Supplementing the announcement recently made in England and widely copied here that a collection of Mr. George Meredith's letters is in preparation under the supervision of Lord Morley, Mr. William Meredith desires me to ask that any American correspondents possessing letters, who may kindly be willing to place them in his hands, will forward them to me at this address, where careful copies will be made at once and forwarded to Mr. Meredith, the originals being returned immediately to their owners without the delay of transmission to England. E. L. BURLINGAME.

Scribner's Magazine, No. 153 Fifth Avenue, New York, August 19.

#### Notes.

Aleyn Lyell Reade is publishing a series of privately printed volumes, to be called "Johnsonian Gleanings." His purpose is to deal with the less-known aspects of Johnson's life. Part I is now almost ready for publication.

Henry Holt & Co. have ready for publication "Hellas and Hesperia, or The Vitality of Greek Studies in America," being three lectures by Professors Gildersleeve and Francis White.

Thomas Whittaker publishes "The Motor Boat," translated by Theodore E. Schulz from the text of W. Hantzschel. Besides descriptive matter it contains a disintegrable model of the boat for self-instruction and for use in technical schools.

M. Vicaire, a librarian of the Palais Mazarin, has been appointed custodian of the Balzac collection bequeathed by M. Spoelberch de Lovenjoul. The collection is to be kept at Chantilly, in the old convent of the Sœurs de Saint-Joseph de Cluny.

Some time this autumn Gilbert K. Chesterton will publish, with John Lane Company, a life of Bernard Shaw, under the title of an "Illustrated Biography." It ought to be, in view of the relations between author and subject, hugely merry reading.

The Macmillan Company announces the following volumes to be issued this autumn: "A Life for a Life," by Robert Herrick; "Martin Eden," by Jack London; "Stradella," by Marion Crawford; "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg," by Charles Major; "The Backwoodsmen," by C. G. D. Roberts; "The Human Cobweb," by Putnam Weale; "Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet," by Sven Hedin; "Labrador," by Dr. W. T. Grenfell; "Mexico," by W. E. Carson; "The New New York," by J. C. Van Dyke, illustrated by Joseph Pennell; "The Wayfarer in New York"; "The Picturesque Hudson," by Clifton Johnson; "One Day and Another," by E. V. Lucas; "Daniel

Boone and the Wilderness Road," by H. A. Bruce; "My Day: Reminiscences of a Long Life," by Mrs. R. A. Pryor. Also, a new novel by Winston Churchill and another by Zona Gale; a volume on contemporary novelists, by Professor Phelps; a narrative, by Prof. Frederick Paxson, of the conquest of America's last frontier; a volume of essays by J. R. Rhodes, and other works of sociology, economics, religion, science, and philosophy.

The autumn publications of Charles Scribner's Sons include the following titles: "John Marvel, Assistant," by T. N. Page; "The Arabian Nights," edited by K. D. Wiggin and N. A. Smith; "Posson Jone" and "Père Raphaël," by G. W. Cable; "Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses"; "Home Letters of General Sherman," edited by M. A. DeW. Howe; "The Relations of the United States with Spain," by Rear-Admiral F. E. Chadwick; "The Birth of Modern Italy," by J. W. Mario; "The Servian People," by Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich; "Society and Politics in Ancient Rome: Essays and Sketches," by Prof. F. F. Abbott; "The Universities of Ancient Greece," by J. W. H. Walden; "Narratives of New Netherland," edited by Dr. J. F. Jameson; "Recollections of a Long Life," by Lord Broughton; "Pepys," by Percy Lubbock; "The Return of the Bourbons, 1814-1815," translated from the French of Gilbert Stenger by Mrs. R. Stawell; "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley," collected and edited by Roger Ingpen; "A Rose of Savoy: Marie Adélaïde of Savoy, Duchesse de Bourgogne, Mother of Louis XV.," by H. N. Williams; "Memoirs of the Duchess of Dino," edited by Princess Radziwill née Castellane; "The Gateway to the Sahara," by C. W. Furlong; "American Prose Masters," by W. C. Brownell; "The Mystery of Education and Other Academic Performances," by Barrett Wendell; "The French Renaissance in England," by Sidney Lee; "The White Bees and Other Poems," by Henry van Dyke; "How to Be Happy Though Civil," by Rev. E. J. Hardy; "The American of the Future and Other Essays," by Brander Matthews; "Sixty Years with the Bible," by W. N. Clarke; "Privilege and Democracy in America," by F. C. Howe; "Forty Minutes Late, and Other Stories," by F. H. Smith; "Mr. Justice Raffles," by E. W. Hornung; a new volume of stories by Richard Harding Davis; "True Tilda," by A. T. Quiller-Couch; "Sea Breezes," by W. W. Jacobs; "A Romance of the Nursery," by L. A. Harker; "Church Unity," by C. A. Briggs; "The Problem of Human Life," by Randolph Eucken; "The Boy's Catlin," by George Catlin, edited by M. G. Humphreys; "College Years," by R. D. Paine; "On the Old Kearsarge," by C. T. Brady; "The Boy Pioneers," by Dan Beard, and "The Story of Rustem and Other Persian Hero Tales from Firdusi," by E. D. Renninger.

We take pleasure in calling attention to Thomas Mosher's dainty print of Browning's "Rabbi ben Ezra." It is preceded by the "Prospice" and followed by the "Epilogue."

With unflagging zest we have, gone through, actual reading not sampling, the anthology in prose and verse gathered by Helen and Lewis Melville, under the title of "London's Lure" (The Macmillan Co.). The subject lends a kind of unity in variety

to the thoughts of many men, and the whole answers to the somewhat confused impression left by the city on the mind of a visitor. We commend the little book for its excellent entertainment.

As a piece of magnificent book-making, the two-volume quarto edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," printed at the Cambridge University Press, and sold by G. P. Putnam's Sons, takes precedence of anything we have handled for some time. The edition is limited to 350 copies, and the type has been distributed. The text is a literal reproduction (with modern *s* and *v*, and a few obvious misprints corrected) of the edition of 1596 in two volumes quarto. The fragment of Book vii is from the folio of 1609; the letter to Sir Walter Raleigh and the verses addressed to and from Spenser are from the edition of 1590. The accuracy of the text it is safe to assume knowing the nature of the work turned out by the Cambridge University Press. In general the writer of this note sees no profit in the reproduction of the Elizabethan spelling. Why, he would ask, should any pedantic barrier be placed between the meaning of Shakespeare or Sidney and the mind of the ordinary reader? But in the case of Spenser there is a difference. Here the language is a more or less artificial creation of the poet's, depending in part for its savor on the quaint form of the words. The editors of the present edition, as were their predecessors, are wise in not attempting to straighten out or modernize Spenser's strange orthoepy. As for the form of these two volumes, it must be acknowledged that their size and weight make them impossible for holding in the hand. But on a book rest, these clean handsome pages would be a lure to follow the winding track of the faerie crew through forest and meadow, by stream and lake, into aery palace and loathsome dungeon. Spenser is called the poets' poet, and the saying, we fear, is an excuse for all but poets to let him alone. The luxurious few who can read him in this new edition may have occasion to learn more perfectly the magic and insubstantial beauties of his world. No poem of England begins with more winsome romance:

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine;  
none ends in a graver ecstasy:  
O! that great Sabbaoth God, grant me that Sabaoth's sight.

And between these limits what a long journey of ever-changing entertainment.

"The Oxford English Dictionary," with its latest double section prepared by Henry Bradley, enters upon the letter S and proceeds to Sauce, recording 3,886 words—3,557 more than are found in the corresponding portion of Johnson. But what could the insular lexicographer know of the East Indian sabdariffa, good for cooling drinks; of the Cuban wood, sabicu, excellent for hardness; of the Russian antelope, saiga; of the evergreen shrub known in the Chinook jargon as salal; of the Canadian saskatoon, combining the luscious virtues of currant and bilberry; or of the West African sassy, an efficient decoction for detecting witchcraft? Such stuff is English made of. Even "sashy" or "sashay," a humorous corruption of *chassé* introduced by O. W. Holmes in "Elsie Venner," is admitted by

our courteous host of words into the sacred precincts; and though the word now stands marked "U. S. vulgar," it has acquired a kind of function of its own, and may yet make its way among its betters. Speaking of Americanisms, we note by the way that "sauce-man" is marked "U. S." and defined as "one who deals in vegetables." "U. S." is a large place, and may no doubt contain some obscure sauce-men vending vegetables, but the present reviewer, who has bought divers kinds of garden products on both coasts and at several intermediate points from dealers of various nationalities, has never met a sauce-man, and knows of no one else who has. Lest some humorous Briton, building on this dictionary, dilate foolishly upon the curiosities of the American dialect, it were well that such provincialisms should be labelled with the name of the particular locality to which they belong.

As the editor points out, this section contains no long articles and comparatively few words showing an interesting sense-development. "Sake" is an exception with a curious history. In the Anglo-Saxon times it meant for the most part something unpleasant—a lawsuit, strife, contention. The Hell-fiend Grendel in "Beowulf" wreaked his hate on Hrothgar in constant "sake" (*saece*). In the fourteenth century "Harrowing of Hell" "withouten sake" means "without cause." In the "Cursor Mundi," 1300, the word approaches the modern use, but with an odd difference, in the assertion that Herod "For crist sake the childer slogh." Unless we bear in mind this neutral signification of the word in reading Genesis iii, 17—"Unto Adam he said, . . . cursed is the ground for thy sake"—we shall make God himself the author of a very bitter paradox. It is a strange pilgrimage this little symbol has made from the place where it stood for wrath to the breathless place at the end of a Christian prayer. On the other hand, there is a large group of words in this section which illustrates the strong Rochefoucauldian tendency of the popular mind. The plebeian and democratic soul hears of supreme virtues with a confidently skeptical inward grin. In the pious Middle Ages one could aspire no higher than to the praise of "saintliness"; nowadays the word has lost most of its desirable lustre—we rather avoid that sort of person. More marked is the degeneration of "sanctimonious"; in the sixteenth century it ordinarily suggested perfect holiness; in the twentieth, it ordinarily suggests perfect Pecksniff. "Sacrifice" is another fallen word; of old, it meant something on the altar; to-day it means something on the bargain counter. "Sapient," too, has sunk; formerly it was applied to the Ruler of the Universe; in this age it would almost offend a Solon from Oklahoma, or a Senator from Illinois. Deepest of all has been the degradation of "sanctum sanctorum"; in the elder time it was the word for the "Holy of Holies" in the Jewish tabernacle; now it is the word for the inaccessible office of a journalist.—*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles!*

Baron de Belabre, for some years French consul at Rhodes, spent part of his time on that island in studying the fortifications and palaces of the Knights of St.

John. The result is a scholarly publication ("Rhodes of the Knights"; New York: Henry Frowde), in which he gives, not a new history of the Order of St. John, but a most careful description of those monuments of the knights which still exist in Rhodes, with glimpses of the social and military life of their builders. The treatment is in the main topographical, but, perforce, historical too. The author is master of all that has been written on the subject, and surpasses his predecessors in his diligent study of the remains at first-hand. He conducts his reader successively about the various walls, the Grand Master's Palace, the *auberges* of the different countries, the hospital, the town, and the remains outside the walls. He intersperses anecdotes agreeably, and much interesting information, such as the fact that the present Rhodian Jews are descendants of those who inhabited the city in the days of the knights, and that they still speak Spanish. Most of the photographs with which the book is illustrated are unique, and were taken from places to which access is usually denied.

Students of political science will welcome Walter F. Dodd's "Government of the District of Columbia" (Washington: John Byrne & Co.), while regretting that the work should not have been shorn of some of its crudities. Mr. Dodd has apparently thought it incumbent upon him to pack his book as full of information as possible, with the result, especially in the chapters devoted to the work of the various administrative bureaus, that many pages in the aggregate are filled with minor details having nothing to do with government and of interest only to an official. Detailed recital of the routine duties of a fireman or policeman, for example, presents absolutely nothing that is not common to every sizable community in the country, and is entirely out of place in a work which claims to be a work of scholarship. Equally useless and extraneous are the elementary disquisitions on duty, morals, and reform with which a number of the chapters are prefaced. Those who are likely to resort most to the book may be presumed to know that "it is the duty of every man to take care of himself and to provide for his family," and that "defective plumbing is one of the most frequent causes of disease." With these exceptions, the task of research has been carefully and thoroughly done, and the narrative, if dry and unadorned beyond that of most monographs, is at least clear and orderly.

Benjamin Franklin, one hundred and sixteen years ago, published his conviction that in the centre of the earth all substances would be converted into gas, or, as he called it, air, if temperature went on increasing towards the centre. This theory is probably correct, says Mr. R. D. Oldham in the *Geographical Journal* for August. He shows by a comparison of the rates of travel of the earthquake tremors and waves, as recorded by the various seismographs in different parts of the world, that "in the centre of the earth, extending certainly to not more than half, and, very likely, not to more than four-tenths of the radius, there is material which behaves very differently from that which lies out-

side of it. In this central core the rate of travel of the first preliminary tremor is checked and reduced by about one-tenth, while the waves of the second phase are either stopped altogether or propagated but feebly, with their rate of travel reduced by one-half." Evidently the suffragettes have been successful in Ghat in the meeting-place of the Saharan caravans, for the Governor, Jamy Bey, says that "tyrannized over by their wives, the poor men have no liberty. This is by reason of the laws of inheritance by which all the real estate is the property of the women." The border region between the Uganda Protectorate and the Congo State is described by Major R. G. T. Bright, the chief of the Boundary Commission. Of the pygmies he says that though both sexes are completely nude, the standard of morality is high, and, "strange to say, they are remarkably intelligent." Some elaborate observations on "dew-ponds" are contributed by Mr. E. A. Martin, F.G.S. The maps are of the Ruwenzori region and northwest Rhodesia.

With "Meditazioni filosofiche, inedite di Vincenzo Gioberti" (Barbèra, Florence) and "Vincenzo Gioberti, frammenti inediti" (Bocca, Turin), Edmondo Solmi has begun the publication of selections from the Gioberti manuscripts, now in the Biblioteca civica of Turin. The "Meditazioni" is made up of youthful essays, written before 1825, while the other volume includes "La teoria della mente umana," "Rosmini e i Rosminiani," and "La libertà cattolica," some of the latest unpublished writings of this precursor of the Modernist movement.

In preparation for the coming centenary of the University of Berlin, Prof. Erich Schmidt, for over twenty years a member of the Berlin faculty, has been elected rector of the university for the period 1909-10. Professor Schmidt came to Berlin in 1887 as the successor of Wilhelm Scherer, and has enjoyed exceptional popularity, not merely as the discoverer of the Goethe "Urfaust," but as a man of science devoid of the cobwebs and must of tradition. His wide acquaintance with foreigners, especially perhaps Americans, English, and French, should contribute to his arduous work of arranging for one of the most notable dates in the history of Berlin.

Samuel A. Clarke, eighty-two years old, for many years librarian in the General Land Office and Department of the Interior, Washington, died at Salem, Ore., August 20. He was for a long time editor of the *Portland Oregonian* and published several historical works dealing with the State.

George Cabot Lodge, son and private secretary of United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, died on Sunday at the age of thirty-five. He served in the navy throughout the Spanish-American war as an ensign. Shortly after the termination of hostilities he became his father's secretary. Mr. Lodge was the author of a drama, "Cain," and of several volumes of verse: "Song of the Wave" (1898), "Poems" (1902), and "The Great Adventure" (1905).

From London comes the report of the death of Sir Theodore Martin, the well-known translator of Heine, Goethe, Dante, Horace, and Virgil. He was born in Edinburgh in 1816, and was the dean of English writers and parliamentary agents. Be-

sides his translations he wrote several biographies, the chief of which was the "Life of the Prince Consort," in five volumes, which was composed in collaboration with Queen Victoria.

The death is announced, in his seventy-third year, of Adolf Hausrath, professor of ecclesiastical history in the University of Heidelberg. Among his publications are "Konrad von Marburg," "Apostel Paulus," "Neutestamentliche Zeitgeschichte," "David Fr. Strauss und die Theologie seiner Zeit," "Luthers Leben," and several romances.

Another death, that of Adalbert Merx, the Orientalist, has occurred in the faculty of Heidelberg. Prof. Merx was seventy-one years old and had been at the university since 1875. He had published a long list of Biblical and Oriental studies, including "Die canonischen Evangelien nach ihrem ältesten Texte."

## ROMAN LETTERS.

*A Literary History of Rome, from the Origins to the Close of the Golden Age.* By J. Wight Duff, M.A., Professor of Classics, Armstrong College (in the University of Durham), Newcastle-upon-Tyne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 695 pages. \$4.00.

This history, or, rather, partial history, of Roman literature forms the tenth volume in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Library of Literary History." This fact may suggest its general plan, and also explain its incompleteness—for the history of Roman literature is a longer story than some of the similar histories already issued in the series, say, for Ireland, Scotland, or America. Perhaps it is the publisher's intention to devote two volumes to Rome, as has been done for the literature of Persia. In that case, we hope that the second part may be assigned to as capable hands as the first.

Professor Duff's book is a good, scholarly piece of work. It is written professedly for the general reader, but even the professional student of Latin may read it with much pleasure and profit. Throughout the volume he insists upon the permanence of the Roman type, and wisely emphasizes the national aspects of the literature; for "the Roman borrowed in a Roman way." His critical judgments are usually sound and well expressed, and one gets the pleasant impression that they are based on his own reading of all the authors concerned.

The volume begins with a long introduction, of 57 pages, on the descent of the Romans, their language, character, and religion. This is an attempt to set forth the complex heredity of the people and their literature, and to discuss some of the "determining facts of existence which constituted the Roman environment." Here the author grapples with some difficult questions, such as the relationship of the Italic tribes, the influence of the Italic dialects upon Latin, and the characteristics of pleb-

eian Latin. It is hardly his fault that some of his results are rather hazy or uncertain—"linguistic connection does not settle racial connection." And after all that has been learned, or guessed, in much philological and epigraphical research, some of his linguistic questions must still wait for the accumulation of more evidence.

The history proper is divided into two main periods: the earlier literature of the Republic (from the origins to 70 B. C.) and the literature of the Golden Age, the second period being subdivided into the Ciceronian age (70 B. C. to 43 B. C.) and the Augustan age (43 B. C. to 14 A. D.). The sketches of Ennius, Plautus, Varro, and Cicero are all good, and, as is apt to happen in an English book, the chapter on Virgil is excellent. For the beauty of Virgil's style still appeals to the best English scholars:

But it is to beauty that, like Dante, one returns as the final fact and feature of his style. Under Virgil's verbal sorcery, Latin becomes a golden language of exquisite richness, veined with a delicate melancholy and wistful reverie upon the abundant travail of life. If his wealth of tremulous pities and mystic dreams do not make true poetry, then poetry was never written.

The illustrative passages which are introduced to support the author's criticisms are given in English translations, with the Latin relegated to notes. And the translations are always good. Witness the teeth-chattering of the half-drowned Labrax (Plautus, "Rudens," 533):

If I only had luck to be a du-duck,  
So that all the wa-water would leave my  
back dry!

Utinam fortuna nunc anetina ut-uterer,  
Ut, quom exissem ex aqu-aqu-aqua, ar-  
arerem tamen!

Horace's adventure with the bore is translated in prose as a dramatic sketch, and the two universal favorites, "Pæne insularum, Sirmio" and "O Fons Bandusæ," are cleverly turned into sonnets.

Sometimes the reader is treated to a modern instance. On p. 244 we are told that Horace's imitations of Lucilius, to compare great things with small, are "like Max O'Rell's copying, in 'L'Ami Macdonald,' of Dean Ramsay's Scottish stories." The atomic theory expounded by Lucretius "is still for scientific thought its basic hypothesis. Even in the light of the flashes of the spintharoscope which mark the off-shooting of helium atoms from radium, it is not more than a modification of nomenclature that is necessary" (p. 289). And on p. 608 we are assured that Ovid really deserves more handsome commendation than Quintilian's, "which is the exact counterpart of the fabled curate's remark on an unsatisfactory egg—*laudandus tamen in partibus*." But the most striking parallel in the volume is

the comparison of Lucretius and his comprehensive love of nature with Whitman:

Both rationalist, though Whitman is less systematic; both at times prosaic and careless of form, though Whitman is excessively so; both frankly approaching all processes of life in their naked simplicity; both perhaps seeking, though Whitman more evidently, for some ideal essence behind things, they are in nothing more alike than in their sense of the open and delight in the free growth that is in nature. Lucretius, it is true, looks on the scheme of things with something of the enjoyment felt by the spectator of a great tragedy. He feels both horror and voluptas. But if he has not Whitman's violent dithyrambic raptures over each throb of universal nature, his love is not less real because more restrained.

The parallel is resolutely drawn, but it requires too many "thoughts."

Professor Duff escapes the charge of insularity which has sometimes been brought against his countrymen, by showing a wide acquaintance with the work of German, French, and American scholars. His decisions on disputed questions will, of course, not satisfy everybody, but he is always scrupulously fair and courteous. He is surely right in rejecting the contention of Bährens that the "Albius" of Horace is not the poet Tibullus. And he is as surely wrong in accepting Skutsch's reckless guessing as to Virgil's indebtedness to Cornelius Gallus in the sixth and tenth Eclogues.

One or two other details may be mentioned here. It is hardly worth saying (p. 90) that the Fescennine masque was the lineal ancestor of pastoral amœbean verses like those in Virgil's Eclogues, without adding that Virgil had a very definite model for his amœbean lines in the Idyls of Theocritus. And one who is very jealous for Virgil may fairly protest against the statement (p. 441) that "Ecl. viii, 58, *omnia uel medium fiant mare*, is a blunder for πάντα δ'ἐν ἅλλῃ γένοιτο." The general model of the passage is doubtless Theocritus, but the details are changed, and it can hardly be called a translation at all. On p. 281 we are told that Lucretius's invocation to Venus "may have been suggested by the fact that Memmius was son-in-law to Sulla, who was devoted to the goddess." This may be new, but it is not very convincing. And it scarcely harmonizes with the statement (p. 295) that the Venus of the invocation is "a reminiscence of the Aphrodite of Empedocles."

The book is well printed, on good paper, and the proof-reading has been very carefully done. "Though" for "thou," p. 541, l. 25, is a rather lonely error. And if "Mevius is the better spelling" for the enemy of Horace and Virgil, p. 615, the "Mævius" of pp. 273, 480, 505 might be changed.

## CURRENT FICTION.

*The Hungry Heart.* By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If Mr. Phillips, with his fondness for exposing the weaknesses of polite society, has always a good deal about him of the bull in the china shop, there is no doubting his sincerity or denying his vigor. He is a voice of the Middle West; he speaks, without conscious pose, as a plain man of the people, which is to say, the people of the class and district from which he came. There is a something impressive as well as comic in his insistent expression of a conviction that the East is really little better than the home of effiteness and affectation. We recall how, but recently, "Joshua Craig" made ravage upon the Atlantic seaboard, bringing to confusion all persons who were so luckless as to have been bred or educated according to the fair, false Eastern method. The present hero's mid-Westernism is less rampant than Joshua's, but, despite his respect for his grandfather, his cultivation, and his "long, aristocratic face," he is plainly differentiated in his creator's mind from the Basil Gallatin, whose artificiality and spinelessness proclaim him from the East.

The story belongs to the general order of "The Helpmate" and "Together." That is, it is a study of modern married life, and begins where the old-fashioned novel used to end. Courtney Vaughan is a woman whose mind has survived social and college training. She has married with a high ideal of love, but shortly after her brief honeymoon discovers that her husband cares only for her physical charm, and has not the least notion of making an intellectual companion of her. He has the old conception of a wife as a housekeeper and plaything. She is not content, and falls into the hands of Gallatin, whose love for her, she thinks, is of a more exalted kind. In time this illusion is destroyed. She sees him for a weakling; but clings to the poor shadow of their love, as all that is left for her. Then the crash comes; the husband discovers the situation. Here the unexpected begins to happen. Vaughan, who up to this time has seemed a man of singularly narrow and dull apprehension, develops sudden intelligence and magnanimity. He offers Courtney her freedom, and even her child.

Mr. Phillips has acquired a considerable popular reputation as a man who tells the truth as he sees it. In fact, his method unites realism and didacticism in such proportions as naturally to command, in his treatment of problems of sex, a large, if feminine, audience. "The Hungry Heart" is a vigorous tract. Basil Gallatin is a fair type of

the invertebrate philanderer. Richard Vaughan is, if you take him literally, rather absurd. His character is not developed: suddenly, at the proper time, he ceases to be one person and becomes another, by a process of conversion as violent and conventional as that of brother Oliver in "As You Like It." On the other hand, we may record with pleasure the impression that in Courtney Vaughan, with all her inconsistencies and failings, Mr. Phillips has come nearer the creation of a living human person than ever before.

*Kingsmead.* By Bettina von Hutten. New York. Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is another of the Baroness von Hutten's sequels. Here again (though receding into the background) Pam figures; here the Brigit Mead, who loved a great violinist and became Lady Pontefract, here the Tommy who appeared incidentally as Brigit's brother in "The Halo." Here, finally, one may see Pam's daughter Pammy steadily edging toward the foreground, a large and greeuy young girl, who, we are told, is going to be good-looking some day. Obviously, she is to be the next heroine in the series. Meantime, Tommy, Lord Kingsmead, holds the floor, and for heroine we are forced to put up with an adventuress of whom, presumably, we shall hear nothing more. She is, to tell the truth, rather preposterous: a shy, large-eyed damsel, who always carries a silver mirror (whereby hangs a tale) and wears mignonette. She passes for a widow, but damsel she is, and with a past. Tommy's bosom friend loves her, and Tommy does his best to marry them. But when it is almost too late, he discovers at the same moment, that he himself loves her and that she is a fraud. Her past turns out to be lamentable—she tells Tommy all about it and she loves Tommy; but she still proposes to marry the friend. Tommy prevents this, and will have none of her himself. The curtain falls upon the "Mignonette Lady," leaving her silver mirror in Tommy's hand, for remembrance, and rather piteously taking herself out of his life. If it were not for her persistent designs upon the bosom friend, and her attempts to get Tommy to keep her story from him, we should find it possible to pity her more, and we should incline to despise Tommy for his squeamishness. As matters stand, we assent that he and the bosom friend are well rid of her. We suspect that Pammy's forthcoming love-story will be not unconnected with Tommy's sober second thought.

The tale is told with that air of light-hearted inconsequence which gives this popular novelist her charm. She acknowledges in a brief and good-humored preface the discrepancies which "the nimble critic" may find in her "Pam"

series of novels. Without especial nimbleness, one may find incongruities and contradictions in abundance within the bounds of the present story.

*A False Position.* By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. New York: Brentano's.

It is a pity that the qualification of a book as suitable reading for a young girl and safe to be admitted into the family circle, should commonly be accepted as a sneer by implication. There is no reason why simple and wholesome themes should be relegated to the hands of incompetence; pathology need not enlist the services of all the expert: but of late, there has arisen somewhat of a cult that holds only the abnormal and diseased worthy of skilled treatment. Mrs. Reynolds's latest book is a pleasant rebuke to this fallacy. Its characters are neither consistently villainous nor consistently heroic, but fallible humans trying for betterment, and if one must admit that they are a bit *bourgeois*, they do not differ in that respect from the majority of readers. Mrs. Reynolds has taken the old but inexhaustible theme that truth is the only safe foundation for every degree of human intimacy, and elaborates it with grace and ingenuity. The tangled threads of the plot are unravelled at the end with a minimum of breakage, and though no single figure may have impressed itself upon the mind as a salient and individual creation, one is left with the comfortable sense of having been amused and interested without a waste of time or an aftermath of unpleasant recollection.

*Less Than Kin.* By Alice Duer Miller. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The black sheep of an excellent family in the United States dies obscurely of drink in a South American republic after an absence of several years. On the brink of political imprisonment an exiled countryman of his, handsome, reckless, yet in the main, thoroughly admirable, goes North and presents himself as the returned prodigal. It is an old plot but a new author and a new story. If you can tell what is going to be done or be said from one page to the next, you are more astute than the present reviewer. If you can absent yourself from this two hours' diversion before it is ended, your bump of curiosity must be insignificant—the Ancient Mariner could never have held you like a three-years' child. The story is witty, terse, and swift. For a narrative so light, bent purely at amusement, the characterization is surprisingly sharp and vivacious. In fact, Nellie, the inflexible dogmatic young woman in the case comes pretty near being a very memorable creature. Wherever she appears, the sparks fly. It would be unjust to the reader further

to uncork the novel champagne of her personality. So crisp is the dialogue, so unconventional the action that it will be astonishing if some one of our needy playwrights does not turn "Less Than Kin" into a charming little farce-comedy.

#### LOUIS XVII.

*The King Who Never Reigned: Memoirs upon Louis XVII.* Edited, with introduction and notes, by Maurice Vitrac and Arnold Galopin. To which is added Joseph Turquan's *New Light upon the Fate of Louis XVII.* New York: The John McBride Co. \$3.50 net.

*The Little Dauphin.* By Catherine Welch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

It is recorded of Lord Beaconsfield that he once said to a young man anxious to shine in society: "Never inquire who the man in the Iron Mask was, or you will be thought a bore." But, notwithstanding the advice of Disraeli, the tragedies of royal houses will always make their appeal. The identity of the masked prisoner, of Gaspard Hauser, and the fate of the son of Louis XVI are questions that will not down permanently. Of late there has been a decided revival of interest, in France and England, in the history of the young Dauphin, who did, or did not, die in the Temple, and several volumes on the subject have appeared recently. Two of these are now before us. One, edited by MM. Vitrac and Galopin, is made up of the *Memoirs of Eckard and Naundorff*, and "New Light on the Fate of the Dauphin" by Joseph Turquan. Although Eckard's work is old, it is little known, and is extremely important, for his memoirs have really formed the basis for all the researches that followed. He was a perfervid royalist, but admittedly honest, and as he had an opportunity of questioning many of the contemporaries of the Revolution, an opportunity of which he availed himself industriously, he learned from first-hand sources facts which but for him would never have been brought to light. As for Naundorff's *Memoirs*, there does not appear to be any excuse for publishing them at all. The narrative is a farrago of incongruities and contradictions, of peregrinations, imprisonments in mysterious and unknown places, strange maladies—the whole thing as grotesque as it is incredible. Besides, the absurdities are not even amusing.

M. Turquan's attempt to solve the mystery is interesting, because it presents a new explanation of the drama in the Temple, or, at least, a new dénouement. His thesis is that the unfortunate son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette was assassinated within the precincts of his prison, on January 19,

1794, between eight and nine o'clock at night; that he was buried, before life was extinct, in the moat of the Temple; that a child, suffering from an incurable disease, was substituted in his place, and that his sister, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, was made aware of the fact after her return to France, the knowledge of which fully accounts for her strange acts and words in relation to the subject. The theory is based on a passage in the *Memoirs of Comte d'Andigné*. This royalist chief, when a prisoner in the Temple in 1801, obtained from Fauconnier, the concierge of the Temple, permission for the prisoners to make little gardens of the heaps of earth that had been thrown into their quarters from the moat. Their labors resulted in the discovery of the remains of a child, which had evidently been buried in quicklime at the bottom of the moat. D'Andigné at once rushed to the conclusion that the skeleton was that of the Dauphin. He questioned the concierge, who replied in the affirmative. M. Turquan considers this formal declaration of the jailer of the highest importance. He supports his contention by a chain of arguments, some of which are decidedly ingenious, if not convincing. The Comte d'Andigné was the soul of honor and loyalty, and his sincerity was above suspicion. All which is no doubt correct, but very poor evidence to support the statement of the concierge. This man had filled the post of jailer only since 1798, and could, therefore, have had no personal knowledge on the subject. However, it is on his conjecture that the author has built up a theory. On the 19th of January, 1794, he tells us, Simon strangled his victim, shortly before he left the Temple forever, by order of the Commune and the Committee of Public Safety. M. Turquan is not absolutely certain that Simon acted under official authority in the matter, for the cobbler might possibly have killed the little victim in a fit of drunkenness or brutal passion, at any time before his departure. None of these suppositions is essentially improbable, and any of them would have the advantage of explaining several circumstances which are at present incomprehensible; for instance, Simon's abrupt dismissal from his post, and the laborious care with which at the time everything concerning the Dauphin, including his death, was concealed from his sister. But a conjecture cannot be adopted as true because it is a convenient solution of an enigma and is free from any inherent improbability, nor can it erase from history conclusions that are deduced from official documents, such as jail registers, reports of physicians, etc. This work, like those that have gone before it, will simply have the effect of proving that it is useless to expect any complete revelation of the truth concerning,

perhaps, the most poignant episode of the Reign of Terror.

Miss Welch's volume on the same subject is very pleasant reading. It deals with the whole life of the little prince from his cradle, and is marked by freshness and individual judgment. The author is too sane to venture on any positive assertion as to what happened in the Temple in 1794, but she lets it be understood that she is inclined to believe in the escape of the Dauphin. She is certain, however, that every one of the forty persons who at very different epochs posed as the son of Louis XVI was an impostor. Miss Welch has a keen sense of humor, and this adds to the attractiveness of this bright little narrative.

*A Vindication of Warren Hastings.* By G. W. Hastings. New York: Henry Frowde. \$2.

When Warren Hastings returned to England in 1785 he expected some recognition for his great services in India; he found instead that his hateful rival, Sir Philip Francis, had poisoned men's minds against him and that he was to be impeached. Burke's false setting of the Indian situation and the enchantment of Sheridan's oratory worked such prejudice to him that the trial dragged on for seven weary years and cost him the larger part of his fortune.

Even death in 1818 did not end the ill-usage of which Hastings had had so much in life—Macaulay's essay was yet to appear. This essay, like that on Frederick the Great, exhibits a curious inconsistency. The great Whig historian could not help admiring the greatness of his hero, and frequently gives him unmeasured praise. But at the same time, laboring under the spell of Burke and Sheridan, and intoxicated by the exuberance of his own irresponsible rhetoric, he condemns Hastings as guilty of "great crimes," and makes insinuations as to motives which still further blacken his character. This picture of Macaulay's, familiar to hundreds of thousands for half a century, has been somewhat damaged by the careful studies of Sir James Stephens, Strachey, Lyall, Forrest, and Lawson, and is now thoroughly demolished, as accurate biography, by Mr. Hastings's "Vindication." This is in no sense a biography. It does not attempt to give a connected narrative of Hastings's whole life, but merely takes up in detail Macaulay's fictitious insinuations and "great crimes," and examines them critically in the light of the official records. The chief of these records are the three folio volumes, containing the daily minutes of the Council during Hastings's administration, which were published at Calcutta by G. W. Forrest in 1891.

To show the result of this examination, the Nuncoomar affair may be tak-

en as a fair sample. At the time when Sir Philip Francis had the majority in the Governor's Council at Calcutta, and was lending a ready ear to any slander on Hastings, Nuncoomar appeared before the Council to accuse Hastings of accepting a great bribe from the Munny Begum. According to Macaulay, (1) the letter which Nuncoomar offered as evidence was genuine. (2) To rid himself of the charge and to destroy his accuser, Hastings suborned a native to make a counter-accusation against Nuncoomar of obtaining more than a lac of rupees by forging a bond. "The ostensible prosecutor was a native. But it was then, and still is, the opinion of everybody, idiots and biographers excepted, that Hastings was the real mover in the business." (3) Nuncoomar was condemned "before Sir Elijah Impey"; (4) and "no rational man can doubt that Impey condemned him in order to gratify the governor-general. Hastings later described Impey as the man 'to whose support he was at one time indebted for the safety of his fortune, honour, and reputation.' These strong words can refer only to the case of Nuncoomar. It is our deliberate opinion that Impey, sitting as a judge, put a man unjustly to death in order to serve a political purpose." (5) However, Macaulay does not think even the murder of Nuncoomar can be reckoned among Hastings's "crimes," because he was acting for "self-preservation."—Now, what are the historical facts? (1) The letter which Nuncoomar offered as evidence against Hastings was unquestionably a forgery; he was notorious for his dishonesty in other affairs; in his house were found counterfeits of the seals of many princes; he had a grudge against the governor, who had refused to appoint him to a coveted office, and he sought this means to get even with him; he knew that Francis would gladly receive any accusations against Hastings; and it is significant that Francis took care not to put Nuncoomar through any cross-examination as to his allegations. There is therefore not the slightest reason to doubt Hastings's statement that the whole accusation was a malicious forgery. (2) Hastings declared on oath that he had "neither advised nor encouraged the prosecution of Nuncoomar." The court records show that the private action on account of the forged bond was begun *six weeks before* Nuncoomar appeared before the Council, that is, before Hastings would have any motive for suborning a counter-accusation. It is clear that the idiots and biographers were right and the brilliant essayist, who did not stoop to verify his facts, was wrong in regard to this all-important point. (3) The trial was not before Impey alone, but before a bench of four judges. Macaulay overlooked this fact. His insinuation against

Impey must be extended to the other three judges—or rejected. (4) The words of Hastings expressing lasting obligations to Impey, which Macaulay rashly accepted as conclusive proof of a dishonorable agreement between the judge and the governor to destroy Nuncoomar, do not refer to this affair at all; they refer to the attempt made by Francis to seize the reins of government some years later on the pretext that Warren Hastings (owing to a resignation handed to the directors in London by his agent, but disavowed by him) was no longer governor. The question was referred to the Supreme Court, where Impey and the other judges decided in favor of Hastings. (5) Macaulay's justification of Hastings has the faintness which damns rather than justifies. How far a judicial murder in self-defence is justifiable is a point in casuistry which it is not proposed to argue. On page after page Macaulay is shown to be equally untrustworthy. And yet the official records from which all these facts appear lay at Calcutta when Macaulay was there.

The author of the "Vindication" speaks as one having authority. His grandfather, a distant cousin of Warren Hastings, was present in Westminster Hall at the impeachment, heard the great speeches, and described the scene in his latest years to the author, then a boy. His father stood in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford when Warren Hastings received the degree of D.C.L. at the hands of the university, and lived to refer to that occasion forty years after, when he himself was honored with a similar compliment. The author himself has known personally many men who knew Hastings personally, and he is one of the very few now living who knew Daylesford House, outside and in, as it had been when Warren Hastings was there. Naturally, he writes *con amore*, and often with vehemence, but he keeps within the bounds of good taste, and proves his case. Many of the facts he presents have already been published by Forrest in his edition of the Council Minutes, but not one person in a thousand who reads Macaulay's essay is ever likely to see so much as the backs of Forrest's volumes. Though nothing is ever likely to be written which will have a tithe of Macaulay's audience, this "Vindication," attractive in form with the portraits of Hastings and the pictures of Daylesford, deserves a wide circulation as an antidote to the famous essay.

*State Insurance.* By F. W. Lewis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Lewis, who is a member of the Boston bar, has brought out a useful book. Economic insecurity he regards as a menacing evil; "a slight misfortune—enforced idleness, a serious ac-

cident, illness"—may reduce a family to poverty and abject want; and the only remedy is a comprehensive scheme of insurance. Existing institutions—savings banks, "friendly societies," trade-union benefit systems, relief departments of corporations, industrial insurance—in some degree relieve economic insecurity, but fall far short of meeting all demands of the situation. Mr. Lewis, therefore, advocates compulsory State insurance, substantially on the German plan. The German legislation of the eighties and the results achieved under it he briefly describes, without exaggeration or undue praise; and the following chapter, as if by way of contrast, gives an account of the history and working of the fellow-servant doctrine in England and the United States. The cost of insurance, Mr. Lewis thinks, should fall upon the workmen themselves, and, wherever necessary, wages should be readjusted to the standard of a full living wage, including provision for sickness, accident, and old age. Old age pensions he rightly regards as unsound in theory, since they do not reach the cause of the evil, and are difficult to alter or amend after being once adopted. All pension schemes should be "contributory," and "cannot be made effectually contributory without compulsion."

Altogether, Mr. Lewis has made out a strong case. He does not strengthen it, however, by presenting mere estimates of outlay for poor relief (p. 20), when the census statistics are available; or by using rickety estimates of the distribution of wealth in the United States (p. 15); or by citing unreliable enthusiasts and sensationalists as authorities or "competent observers" (pp. 10, 15, 159).

*The Awakening of Turkey.* By E. F. Knight. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3 net.

Mr. Knight calls his book a "history of the Turkish revolution." For such a history, of course, the time is not yet at hand. The most we can hope for at present is a systematic résumé of what the newspapers during the last year have told us, supplemented by such special information as previous acquaintance with Turkey and her people may have placed at a writer's disposal. The leaders of the Turkish liberation movement have been exceptionally gracious in their relations with Western correspondents; but they tell only what may be conveniently told. The greater part of the present volume is, therefore, neither very new nor yet very profound.

Written from a decidedly philo-Turkish point of view, it would have little to say that the friendly Anglo-Saxon press has not already said, had not the

author been fortunate enough to obtain access to the letters and diary of Niazi Bey, who first raised the standard of revolt in Macedonia, a scant three weeks before the collapse of the Hamidian régime. Niazi's diary, or what we get of it here, contains little of first rate import; but it is undoubtedly absorbing to follow in detail the makings of a revolution—the first daring step, the handful of refugees swelling with every day toward the dimensions of an army, and a free-breathing countryside breaking through the pall of despotism like the surface of a slate under the sponge.

Mr. Knight is almost Thucydidean in his minute account of what Niazi did and said during the two weeks of insurrection. He strengthens the existing impression of the extraordinary care and laboriousness with which the ground for revolution was broken and prepared. We may cite a single instance. In one Macedonian village a man in the secrets of the revolution had babbled to his wife, who, in turn, grew over-communicative:

This event led to the creation of a female police or vigilance committee in this and some other villages, whose chief duty apparently was to check indiscreet gossip concerning the committee.

This is almost Japanese foresight.

## Science.

### THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HEALING.

*Psychotherapy.* By Hugo Münsterberg. New York; Moffat, Yard & Co. \$2 net.

This book, as we are told in the preface, is one of a series in which the author proposes "to discuss for a wider public the practical applications of modern psychology." A thoroughly scientific discussion of such a subject by a trained psychologist of the author's position and reputation would evidently have an important place in pedagogical literature; but an appeal to the wider public by one who claims to have only the interests of science at heart, as our author constantly does (*e. g.*, p. 240), is scarcely justified, unless the specialists in his field are slower to employ the instrumentalities at their command to the obvious advantage of the people at large.

There is, however, no evidence of such an attitude of mind among the serious psychologists of our day, and it would, therefore, at first sight appear improper to treat this book, and "On the Witness Stand," the preceding one of the series (reviewed in the *Nation*, May 21, 1908), as more than attempts to acquaint the ignorant public with the work of the psychologist and its possible applications to practical life; attempts which

are, of course, entirely laudable, but which are not, strictly speaking, scientific. But, as a matter of fact, Prof. Münsterberg here deals with an array of subjects none of which can be properly understood except by the highly educated among the "wider public," and most of which appeal either to the specially educated doctor or to experts in psychiatry, psychology, and philosophy. His book must, therefore, be considered in relation to its effect upon these several classes of readers.

The educated layman, upon perusal of "On the Witness Stand," must have been impressed by the unbounded, and often unwarranted, optimism of the author in relation to the immediate value of the practical application of psychophysical method to the realm of law. In the book before us, this optimism will be less obvious to the average reader, but the specialist cannot fail to note again the author's weakness in this regard. Although scientific advance in any field must eventually affect all other related sciences, this very correlation of the sciences indicates the necessity of caution in treating advances in any special lines as of pre-eminent importance. In fact, little of value is likely to be attained when such attempts are made in appeals to a public which reads to be entertained, not to be instructed. The consequences of such reading may, in fact, be actually evil in relation to mental discipline; for, to use our author's own words (p. 201), "an untrained attention is attracted by everything which is loud and shining, big and amusing. The trouble is not with the rush and hurry of the impressions which demand our attention; the trouble is with our attention, which seeks a quick change of new and ever new impressions, because it is not disciplined to hold firmly to one important interest."

Nevertheless, a number of the author's teachings are of great value to the educated layman among this "wider public," and offer a timely opposition to certain current misconceptions. It is unfortunate, therefore, that the beneficial effect of these teachings is likely to be much reduced, if not altogether lost, because the leaders maintaining the doctrines opposed by our author will doubtless retort that his opinions need not be taken quite seriously; basing their assertion on adverse criticisms which are bound to be made by specialists to whom alone certain parts of the book will be thoroughly comprehensible.

Most important is his discussion of the relation of religion to medicine; in which he argues convincingly that the cures performed under such influences are due to causes only fortuitously religious, emphasizing the fact that a large proportion of the effects produced by the modern religious psychotherapist

may be produced equally well by the most barbarous of superstitions (p. 225) and calling attention (pp. 164, 335 f) to certain dangers, which are commonly overlooked, in therapeutic practice connected with religious appeals. He quite properly protests against current references to the "moral factors" in illness; justly holding (p. 56) "that the right entrance to psychotherapy is missed if the difference between morality and mentality is not recognized from the very beginning." He does well, also, to call attention to the artificiality of the separation of functional from structural nervous diseases, of which the modern religious psychotherapists make so much.

With equal propriety he emphasizes the distinction between the attitudes of the physician and the clergyman, and points to certain dangers which are involved in the current neglect of this distinction (*e. g.*, pp. 187, 33). His contention (chap. xii) in favor of a higher view of religion than that which allies it with the elimination of pain, should gain the ear of the thoughtful among the clergy and laity alike; as should, also, his appeal (p. 381 f) in the interest of a nobler view of the world and of God than that which "gains authority over the mind from such an external motive as a belief in its curative effects." "What is gained," he justly asks, "if some nervous disorders are helped by belief, if the belief itself devastates our intellectual culture and brings the masses down to a view of the world which has all the earmarks of barbarism?" So far, his ideas are sound.

When we turn to his treatment of suggestion, of hypnotism, and of the subconscious, we find an unfortunate attempt to speak to two audiences at the same time. The average well-educated layman would have been enlightened by learning that suggestion, as employed by the psychotherapist, is not a mysterious power of one "will" upon another "will," but is merely a special form of an influence which every man exerts upon his fellows in normal life; and that the dangers connected with the use of this special form of suggestion, while real (pp. 106, 226, 383), are no other than those which in milder form may appear in the practice of the unskilled teacher who encourages in his pupil bad volitional habits. He would have been benefited by the knowledge that hypnotism is very closely allied with mental conditions which are agreed to be normal, and that, while its employment by the uneducated should be discouraged, on the other hand its use by the skilled practitioner, with due caution, is no more to be feared or deprecated than is the employment of other radical therapeutic agencies where morbid conditions seem to warrant such use. He

would have found his thought clarified by the teaching that what is spoken of so glibly nowadays as the "subconscious" is not, as it is commonly thought to be, a mysterious inner moral force, especially powerful in producing changes in the nervous system; and that, as thus conceived, no such thing exists.

But, unfortunately, Professor Münsterberg here presents views which are not at all appropriate for the consideration of the layman; which really appeal to the average well educated physician, and which are couched in terms certain to lead the physician to question the validity of the author's statements. And such doubts will be strengthened if the inquirer appeals for verification to skilled psychologists and psychiatrists.

The psychologist, for instance, will tell his inquirer that the word consciousness is commonly employed in two senses, viz., (1) as the equivalent of mere psychic existence, and (2) as the equivalent of "awareness"; and that only if we mean to use the word in the latter sense (*cf.* p. 133) is it true that "there is no subconsciousness" (p. 125-157), *i. e.*, no awareness of which we are not aware. But the psychologist will also tell his enquirer that we have very good reason to believe that there is a form of mental life transcending the narrow limits of awareness (what H. R. Marshall would have us call sub-attentive consciousness), and that it is this "sub-attentive consciousness" which is usually referred to by serious students who use the unfortunate term "subconscious."

We are thus brought to the consideration of the effect of the book upon experts in the several fields in which the writer claims to speak as himself an expert. The opening up of the field of scientific psychotherapeutic treatment is so recent, and the exploration of the field so manifestly inadequate, that it behooves the really scientific worker to record his observations in a form which his co-workers may examine and verify; or if this is impossible, to state his own views with more modesty than our author displays and to hold them more tentatively. It is reasonably sure that practical psychotherapists will find their experience differing in some respects from that of Professor Münsterberg in regard to alcoholic and morphine patients; and certainly the psychiatrists will fail to follow him in his quite artificial restriction of psychotherapeutic treatment to cases outside the alienist's field of work, which implies a sharp distinction between the sane and insane, such as few leaders in psychiatry would to-day defend.

But, after all, our author, notwithstanding his desire to be numbered with the physicians, will be judged primarily as a psychologist. We may make due allowance for carelessness in writing under pressure to meet a present popu-

lar demand; but it is under just such unguarded conditions that a man is likely to lay bare the real nature of the doctrines which guide his thought; and it is clear that in the case of our author these doctrines were derived in the receptive age of youth, and have remained virtually unmodified to meet modern criticism. His reference to "the will" is constantly made (*e. g.*, p. 31) in terms that hark back to the conception of the "faculty psychologists," which should have succumbed to Locke's forceful attack, but which actually held almost complete sway among the psychologists of our author's youth. The opening chapters might well have been written by a psychologist of the early associationist school; although few even of them would have been bold enough to hold with our author (p. 24) that "the whole stream of mental life" is "made up of sensations," "we ourselves" being "for ourselves a complex combination of sensations" (p. 25). In fact, he actually proclaims (p. 23) that "if there were mental states which are composed of other elements than sensations, they would necessarily remain indescribable." His reason for this questionable statement, viz., that "we could not grasp them because they would not have any definite relation to the common physical world," is in line with a view of his own to which he attaches great importance, that "as soon as we look on inner life as merely psychological objects, then the material is connected only through the underlying physiological processes, and we can never explain causally the appearance of an idea through the preceding existence of another idea" (p. 139). In other words, he justifies the important place he gives to physiological psychology by the assertion that without reference to physical process causal relations between psychic states would be inexplicable; an assertion which involves a very doubtful thesis as to the nature of the concept of causality and which carries with it the denial that anything like a valid psychology existed in ancient times when the masters of thought were ignorant of the nature of the psycho-physical process. He properly emphasizes the view, above referred to, that the suggestion employed by the psychotherapist is of the same nature as processes observable in normal life; but he takes a step backward when he separates this psychotherapeutic suggestion from the ordinary emphasis of ideas through every day environmental influences. Few, if any, psychologists will follow him in holding (p. 100) that "it is meaningless to speak of suggesting an idea"; that (p. 101) "suggestions which are not suggestions of action are without exception suggestions of belief."

But, perhaps, we make too much of his psychological positions; for his present interests are philosophical rather

than psychological, and, in this particular book, we find not a little of interest in relation to what, broadly speaking, we may call the philosophy of life. His demand that the medical student should be trained in psychology (p. 364) is thoroughly warranted, and timely. His explanation of the basis of the crude metaphysics of Christian Science (p. 344) is admirable. Interesting also is his comparison of the idealistic and realistic movements (p. 5); and equally enticing, although less convincing, is his distinction between the "causal" and "purposive" views of life (p. 14 f), and his application of this distinction to the work of the psychotherapist (p. 56 f).

The book will, without doubt, be widely read, and will increase in marked degree the interest of the public in psychotherapy; and, in this connection, it may be worth while to consider the tendency of physicians who practise current psychotherapeutic methods to adopt a disingenuous attitude toward these patients. Even our author, notwithstanding his disclaimer on p. 361, shows himself to be not averse to the occasional use of trickery and deceit (*e. g.*, pp. 188, 223, 300). It is difficult to raise logical objection to quackery and charlatany, except on general grounds; the question concerns the value of what we may call the detective attitude in the physician, an attitude which this book will without doubt strengthen in many a young doctor. In the long run, we believe better results will follow from discouraging this detective attitude, and encouraging mutual trust between patient and medical adviser, the physician being thus led in general to rely upon the correction of morbid ideas by the wholesome influences flowing from contact with life under normal conditions and in normal surroundings.

"Life Histories of Northern Animals," by Ernest T. Seton; "The Grizzly Bear," by W. H. Wright; "Latter-Day Problems," by J. L. Laughlin, are among the scientific publications to be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons in the autumn.

About a year ago Sir James Crichton-Browne delivered an address at Buxton before a section of a meeting for the discussion of questions relating to public health. He took up the problem of extensive reduction of the human food requirement, which has become a matter of general interest. An expanded version of this address has now appeared as a little book with the title "Parcimony in Nutrition" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), and is well worthy of careful reading, particularly by such laymen as have been attracted by the doctrines associated with the names of Fletcher and Chittenden. The author is a well-known English physician of extended experience, and his views are fully entitled to consideration. In a sense, there is nothing absolutely new in the book, but there is a clever marshalling of facts which make against a hurried adoption of low standards of diet

and should give pause to those who, with more zeal than discretion, have advocated such procedures. Sir James points out that the experience of mankind is with remarkable uniformity in favor of a liberal diet and abundant nitrogen, and that the human habit is justified and fully confirmed by observations made among the poor and in prisons and workhouses, as well as by the best knowledge of the food requirement of animals. The experiments of Professor Chittenden seem to him exceedingly interesting but inconclusive, and as yet quite unacceptable as a basis for a general reform of standards, particularly as to a lower intake of nitrogen. That there is much overindulgence is not denied, nor that a considerable restriction in the eating of meat would be beneficial. While economy in certain directions is much to be commended, no extended reduction in the individual supply of food may be safely advocated on the basis of our present knowledge; in fact, our author believes that there is far more underfeeding than overfeeding in the world, and that poverty in nutrition is a much more serious problem than economy.

Maria Parloa, one of the pioneers in this country of scientific cookery, died at Bethel, Conn., August 21, at the age of sixty-six. Her books are "First Principles of Household Management and Cookery," "Kitchen Companion," "The Young Housekeeper," "New Cook Book and Marketing Guide," and "Home Economies."

Dr. Max H. Runge, professor in the University of Göttingen and director of the Frauenklinik, has died at the age of fifty-nine. He wrote several books in his special field, including a "Lehrbuch der Gynäkologie."

## Drama and Music.

Charles Scribner's Sons will shortly publish a comedy entitled "Open Country," by Maurice Hewlett; also a volume entitled "Roses," comprising a series of four plays by Hermann Sudermann, translated from the German by Mrs. Tenney Frank.

Popular acting is coming to be more and more a real art in Germany. In the Bavarian Highlands, Oberammergau is by no means the only place where the Biblical or legendary drama is cultivated by non-professional actors, and in the secular, *Völkstücker* the peasant companies of Schliersee and Tegernsee rival successfully the regular stage of Munich or Vienna. A still more ambitious, and in many respects extraordinary, dramatic undertaking is at present going on in some rural communities of Schleswig-Holstein. In Wesselburen, the native town of Friedrich Hebbel, members of the order of the Good Templars have for some time past been devoting their leisure hours to the study of Hebbel's dramas. From reading them aloud they passed on to private performances of selected scenes, until this summer they have come out with full-fledged, public representations of such plays as "Maria Magdalena," "Agnes Bernauer," and "Gyges und sein Ring." The earnestness, simplicity, and power of these performances attracted such attention that neighboring towns, such as Meldorf, Lunden, Marne,

asked for repetitions; and it seems as though popular Hebbel festivals were to be a regular feature of the higher life of the sturdy Ditmarsen farming population. Preparations are already on foot for the celebration of Hebbel's hundredth birthday, in 1913, by a performance of his Nibelungen trilogy. That a play of such philosophic depth and psychological complexity as "Gyges und sein Ring" should have been impressively acted by a company the stars of which were a carpenter, a rural dentist, and a peasant girl, seems remarkable indeed. A curious concomitant result of this dramatic activity of the Good Templars is reported to be the extension of their anti-alcoholic principles.

Max Grube's "Adalbert Matkowsky," the last volume in the Dramaturgische Plaudereien Library (Berlin: Herman Paetel), is little short of a complete biography of the distinguished German romantic actor, whose death was recorded in the *Nation* of April 8. There are personal reminiscences of Matkowsky in his younger years of preparation, at rehearsals, and behind the scenes, and an examination of him as a man. His most successful rôles are characterized, and several portraits of him in private life, and as Sigismund and Macbeth, are given.

News reaches us of the death of Wilhelm Millowitsch, founder of the famous Volks Theater of Cologne. His popular drama, enacted by living players, was a successor of the marionette theatre of Christaf Winter, founded in 1802, in which popular local types were represented by puppets.

"Success in Music and How It Is Won," by Henry T. Finck, appears among the publications to be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons in October.

Oliver Ditson Company have added four new volumes to their excellent Musicians' Library, bringing the total list now up to fifty.

The *Corriere della Sera* announces that the Association of Italian Musicians has completed a catalogue of works on the theory of music found in the Reale Biblioteca Palatina, the churches of San Giovanni and the Stucata, the cathedral and the baptistry of Parma, where this society has its headquarters. This investigation has brought to light many works of great interest by forgotten authors, such as three volumes of "Aron," printed at Venice by Master Bernardino and Master Matteo de Vitali in 1523 and 1529; an Aristoxenus, Venice, 1562; a "Regula musicae plane," by Fra Bonaventura of Brescia, printed in round characters, in 1497, and with wood cuts; a "Niccolay Burti Parbensis musices opusculum," printed in 1487 in Gothic characters and coarse figures. Among other works of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries is a manuscript divided into three parts, with curious musical compositions. Some fine musical dialogues by Vincenzo Galilei (1581) have been found, and works of Glareanus (1547), Kircherius (1650), Lanfranco (1533), Pontis, Rameau, Francesco Salina, and other sixteenth-century authors, and a large number of sixteenth and seventeenth-century publications. It is the intention of this association to extend this catalogue so as to include all Italian works which ap-

peared before the nineteenth century, found in any public or private library in Italy. It is expected that their labors will serve as a basis for a great critical edition of the best Italian writers. Prof. Guido Gasperini, of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Parma, is at the head of this movement.

Richard Hoffman, musician and composer, died August 17. He was born in Manchester, England, in 1831, and came to this country at the age of sixteen. He was an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society of New York, and in his younger days played at their concerts. He was engaged by Barnum to play in the first Jenny Lind concert as piano soloist. Some of his compositions were "La Gazelle," "Crépuscule," "Spinning Song," "Finland Love Song," "Crossing the Bar," and "Memory."

## Art.

### THE DEARTH OF ANTIQUES.

Within ten years antique objects of art have quadrupled in price. This may be taken as a rough average. With such objects as happen to be in vogue, the rise has been much greater. In part, this is due to the tactics, or rather want of tactics, of the new-rich collector. But that much abused person should not be made to bear all the blame. Inflated prices rule also in the shops which he never enters. The desirable trifles that one used to pick up in Europe for a few francs, now cost as many dollars. The demand increases as the supply nears exhaustion. The smaller antiquaries judge that their part of the business may last another ten years, but hardly more. Many of them are embarking perforce upon the dubious trade in false antiques; the more far-sighted talk of dealing in modern art. Meanwhile the search is always more intense and less fruitful. There are few hamlets in Europe too humble to have some agent whose connections reach eventually to London and Paris. But they no longer find much. Everywhere the story is the same. A noted rug-dealer and expert deems himself lucky if a single carpet of high class rewards a long trip in the East.

The causes of this dearth are many; chiefly, we think, the steady demand of the museums and the tendency of collectors to bequeath their treasures to the public are responsible. Every year thousands of fine objects are thus withdrawn from the market. In Europe, there exist at present only a handful of notable collections that can conceivably come under the hammer. Here in America, at a wide guess, there may be in private hands a thousand meritorious paintings by old masters. Of these, it is safe to say not more than a third will ever come into the market again. As regards the supply of antiques, we are at the end of an era. The main

sources were the suppressed convents, whose dispersed treasures have now mostly reached the museums or permanent collections; the churches, which are now forbidden by law to alienate their possessions; the private galleries of old or noble families, which, with trifling exceptions, have been sold out or registered as non-exportable; finally, private and illicit excavation, which is now severely controlled by statute.

Of course, we are by no means at the end of the antiques, merely of the marketable ones. Every year brings important discoveries from Egypt. The sands of Turkestan yield up interesting vestiges of lost civilizations. Persia and Babylonia have been touched only superficially. Even the colonial cities of Greece have been rather reconnoitered than explored. Yes, there will still be notable returns from excavation, but in the main the local museums will be the gainers. The art market will receive but little relief from this source.

The chief sufferers from the shortage are new museums and modest collectors. No pity need be wasted upon the antiquaries. They have developed abilities of such serpentine astuteness that they must succeed in any branch of trade. Nor need the many-millioned amateur claim our compassion. Other means of spectacular expenditure will be provided for him. The humble collector suffers already in his pocket and in unrealized desires. But these mole-like folk have, after all, a faculty for taking care of themselves. By barter, by attending sales too obscure for the dealers, by knowing a good bit more than the peripatetic agents, by familiarity with each other's possessions, and prudently accepting the opportunities opened by adversity or mortality, the small collector will contrive for a time to keep supplied. Against him, too, the age is working. As he realizes the impossibility of duplicating his modest treasures, let him murmur proudly *après moi le déluge*.

The case of the new museum—and we have many such—is harder. It must buy antiques on a rapidly rising and nearly exhausted market, or not at all. In fact, only a well endowed museum can hope to enter this competition successfully. For the smaller museums there will remain the alternative of concentrating on the art of the present, or buying small collections rather of archaeological than artistic importance. Some such course will be forced upon most of our museums of recent foundation. The duty seems all the more imperative, then, that the few American museums which can afford to buy the finest examples of old art should do so while yet it is possible. Some years ago, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts took the almost unprecedented course of spending for acquisitions a large part of all unconditional gifts and bequests. The authori-

ties judged that it was more important to capitalize works of art than cash, and the outcome, both in its artistic and financial aspects, has fully justified a course that was, at the time, criticised rather severely. Only those museums, which allow great freedom to their purchasing staff can hope to make the most of an art market ever rising as it narrows.

Among the art books announced for early publication by Charles Scribner's Sons are the following: "City People," drawings by J. Montgomery Flagg; "Through the French Provinces," by Ernest C. Peixotto, with eighty-five drawings by the author; "Art in Great Britain and Ireland," by Sir Walter Armstrong; "The Art of Landscape Painting," by Birge Harrison; "Pewter and the Amateur Collector," by E. J. Gale, and "The American Girl," by Harrison Fisher.

The house at Toledo once occupied by El Greco has been presented by a wealthy amateur to the Spanish state. On the initiative of the King, and under the auspices of the Royal Academy, it will be converted into a memorial museum, and filled with works of the eccentric Cretan master.

In the City Museum of Padua has been discovered a portrait of Donatello. It is painted upon a thin beech panel, and evidently served as the cover of a manuscript. Our only other authentic likeness of the great Florentine sculptor is the sadly repainted one by Paolo Uccello in the Louvre.

To the National Gallery, in the Corsini Palace, at Rome, have been recently added the following pictures: by Nicholas Poussin, The Triumph of David; by Sodoma, the Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine; by Novelli of Palermo, St. James. This gallery has also bought the wooden sketch model made by Bernini for one of the angels in the Church of St. Andrea delle Fratte, Rome.

On July 4, at Milan, a gold medal was presented to Prof. Luigi Cavenaghi, in recognition of his service in saving Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper from rapidly approaching destruction. The medal, which is reproduced in the July number of the *Rassegna d'Arte*, is the work of the sculptor Danelli.

While restoring the Church of S. Giuliano, Venice, a number of rolled canvases, and filthy, were discovered between the ceiling and roof. One of these, Christ Bearing His Cross to Calvary, an important canvas, measuring 2.63 by 3.12 metres, is said to be by Tintoretto. Other large compositions are attributed by ancient guides to Palma Giovane, and his minor contemporaries. The find includes two cartoons for mosaics by Allense, a designer of the sixteenth century.

The excavation of the Roman town of Calleva, at Silchester, begun by the Society of Antiquaries of London in 1890, has been so successful that the society has decided to engage in further work of the same kind. They have appointed a special research committee to superintend all undertakings of this nature, and propose to begin operations this coming September. The site chosen by them is that

of old Sarum, the exploring of which is expected to yield valuable results. At the same time they have obtained permission from the Earl of Verulam to excavate the Roman city of Verulamium, the area of which is nearly twice that of Silchester. As this is close to St. Albans, and its archaeological value might be destroyed by its being cut up into building lots, the society feel the need of beginning work on it as soon as possible, and it is hoped that sufficient will be contributed by the fellows of the society and others to enable it to be started in the course of next year.

From Paris comes the report of the death of Louis Le Poittevin, the landscape painter, in his sixty-third year. He was a pupil of Bouguereau and Tony Robert-Fleury, and exhibited first at the Salon of 1877.

The death is announced of Georges Vogt, director of the technical department, at the Sèvres manufactory. He was the inventor of the *Nouvelle Pâte Tendre*, and wrote, also, a number of books on his special subject.

The death is also reported, at the age of ninety-two, of Joseph Schefsky, the Bavarian sculptor.

## Finance.

### WALL STREET AND MR. HARRIMAN.

It is not overstating matters to say that the paramount topic of the past week in Wall Street gossip, rumor, and conjecture, and the dominant influence on the movement of speculative values, were the questions whether Mr. E. H. Harriman was or was not on the point of sailing from Europe for New York; whether he was or was not in better health than when he left America; whether he was coming home to a sick chamber, or to the directors' room of the Union Pacific. When news that he was about to sail was received, prices of stocks advanced on the supposition that his return meant announcement of a "railroad deal," or renewal of the Stock Exchange boom. When it was next announced that Harriman was still a sick man, and that the European specialists had prescribed a programme of complete rest and abstention from business activities, the stock market broke with great violence. People of the less imaginative sort suggested that there were other good reasons for the 10-point relapse than "Harriman's health"—the fact of an overdone and artificial midsummer rise, for instance—but Wall Street insisted that the market was moving according to the news from Harriman.

Now all this demonstration, so far as it actually had any such cause, will possibly take its place, in the minds of the average serious observer, as a piece of Wall Street foolishness. A market whose

intrinsic values depended on the presence of a single financier would be a peculiar market. Furthermore, Wall Street's reasoning that Harriman's return ought to put up prices appeared to overlook the fact that his absence, since his departure for Europe on the thirty-first of May, has been contemporaneous with an excessively violent rise in stocks. Evidently the rule was not supposed to work both ways. Nevertheless, the fact of Wall Street's supreme excitement over an absent financier remains, and it may be profitable to inquire just what is the basis for it.

One basis undoubtedly is the rooted belief on the Stock Exchange that powerful capitalists fix the value of securities. Wall Street does not go to the length of the La Follette theory; but it holds very firmly to the notion that "bull movements" are primarily the result of individual initiative and manipulation. Most of the professional contingent and its satellites would hesitate to assert that the "multi-millionaires" can construct bull movements in a period of real adversity. Yet there are those who maintain this doctrine also, the presumption being that many scattered operators might be willing to bid up prices, but unable to do it effectively, because of lack of concentrated effort and organized operation. Therefore, the reappearance of a "leader" is in their eyes a "bull point" in itself.

Of recent years another argument for the theory of "one-man markets" has gained equal vogue, based on the reasoning that capitalists daring enough and powerful enough to divert bank surpluses and corporation cash balances into the speculative stock market can do for "bull movements" what no one relying on his own capital or credit could achieve. This, too, might serve in part to explain the attitude of Wall Street towards this week's news and rumor. No attention seems, however, in applying conclusions to the existing market, to have been paid to a certain forecast made by the subject of these various rumors. Just before sailing from New York in May, Harriman expressed his views to this effect:

If we have favorable weather and correspondingly large crops, I look for happy times. There will be a big burst of speculation and a rise in the price of everything, but these will quickly grade down from the top to whatever level the crops make logical. If a tide of speculation sets in rapidly and we jump things up thirty or forty stories and then smash, the fall will naturally be greater.

The obvious field of inquiry would be, at what stage of such an advance as prices have had this summer would the market be in the fortieth story? In some minds, there was another and a larger reason for the wide financial interest in Harriman's return, and in

his physical condition. It arises from reflection on the extraordinary character of the structure which Harriman has built up in the investment and credit markets. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world's financial markets has so extended and complicated a set of machinery been put in operation. Its author knew every cog and wheel and pivot in it; that is quite generally admitted. But a safe piece of machinery is one that can be relaxed or stopped without danger to any of its parts, and there were those who felt some apprehension as to whether Mr. Harriman's invention could conform to those conditions. His own operation of it, at all events, seemed to involve the forcing of its speed to the utmost limit, and the extending of its connections in every direction, and sometimes machinery of that sort becomes difficult to control.

Supposing the author of this mechanism to relinquish his part in the controlling of it, Wall Street itself will not fail to raise the question, to whom would he hand it over? This question may have had its share in the week's misgivings over the cables from Cherbourg and Vienna. It is a question which sooner or later will be uppermost in the serious discussions of finance. The most hopeful view of the case is that this danger-spot in the credit situation will be taken in hand by conservative and prudent men, and much of the past few years' work of Mr. Harriman be cautiously undone. It will require men of large calibre to accomplish even this; but it is quite as conceivable that competent men for that work could be found as that men capable of driving the machine ahead without invoking disaster could arise.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Andreieff, L. The Seven That Were Hanged. The Tucker Series. New York: E. C. Walker. 15 cents.
- Aristotelian Society Proceedings. New Series.—Vol. IX. London: Williams & Norgate.
- Arrhenius, S. The Life of the Universe. 2 vols. Harper.
- Ashburner, W. The Rhodian Sea-Law. Frowde. \$5.75 net.
- Becker, C. H. Christianity and Islam. Harper.
- Bertholet, D. A. The Transmigration of Souls. Harper.
- Birchall, S. H. Songs of Saint Bartholomew. Boston: Alfred Bartlett.
- Blanchaud, R. de. One Thousand Common French Texts. Crowell. 25 cents.
- Brown, C. R. The Young Man's Affairs. Crowell. \$1 net.
- Brown, J. D. Guide to Librarianship. London: Libraco Ltd.
- Bywater, I. Aristotle on the Art of Poetry: A Revised Text with Critical Introduction, Translation, etc. Frowde. \$5.25 net.
- Canfield, W. W. Along the Way. Fenno & Co. \$1.50.
- Crawford, R. The Last Days of Charles II. Frowde. \$1.75.
- Crockett, S. R. The Men of the Mountain. Harper. \$1.50.
- Davis, J. W., and Julien, F. Finger Play Reader. Two parts. Heath. 35 cents each.
- Dewar, D., and Finn, F. The Making of Species. Lane. \$2.50 net.
- Fisher, E. Dornröschen. Crowell Modern Language Series. 25 cents.

- Hein, G. Exercises in French Conversation and Composition. Crowell. 40 cents.
- Herrick, C. Trust Companies, Their Organization, Growth, and Management. Bankers Pub. Co.
- Hilliers, A. As It Happened. Putnam. \$1.35 net.
- Hoag, E. B. Health Studies: Applied Physiology and Hygiene. Heath & Co. 75 cents.
- Holliday, C. Once Upon a Time: a Collection of Stories. Broadway Pub. Co. 75 cents.
- Hoover, B. R. Pa Flickinger's Folks. Harper. \$1.
- Hyatt, S. P. The End of the Road: a Novel. Appleton. \$1.50.

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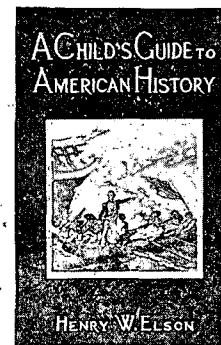
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